

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXII. No. 2107

London
November 12, 1941



REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER FOR
TRANSMISSION IN THE
UNITED KINGDOM

FRIENDLINESS!

JUST YOU TRY

JOHN JAMESON

Not a drop is sold
till it's 7 years old

★ ★ ★ WHISKEY



By Appointment

Cerebos Salt
for good taste and economy

WETHERALL
BOND ST SPORTS CLOTHES

GLAMOROUS

top coats suits frocks about 8½ gns.

Bronnley
MAKERS OF THE
FINEST SOAPS
FOR FIFTY YEARS

Depend on obtaining the Best

Presta
MINERAL WATERS

Healthful and Invigorating

ASK FOR THEM BY NAME

Grant's
Scotch
Whisky

"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

DRINK THE HEALTH OF THE EMPIRE
in

THE DOCTOR'S
CEYLON TEA

2 oz. of The Doctor's
Ceylon Tea goes
much further than
2 oz. of ordinary tea.

still

3/-
PER LB.

FORTNUM
& MASON
for Military Equipment

+ M: VITIE & PRICE + Biscuits of Highest Quality +



In olden times only the fittest survived. The same is true today: only the fittest can survive the strain and worry of war conditions while keeping their health and vitality.



Nerve *versus* Nerves —yesterday and today

Once life was calm and unhurried; now for most of us it means extra worries, long hours of unaccustomed work and extra strain. Small wonder that seven out of ten people today need 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food. 'Sanatogen' nourishes the taut nerves, enriches the impoverished blood, by supplying them with essential organic phosphorus and protein. This doesn't mean a mere temporary stimulation to energy; it means positive, lasting benefit to nerves and body.

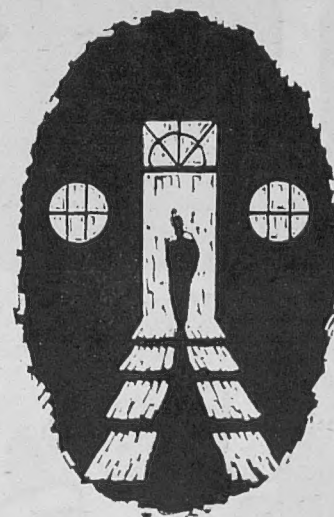
If you are feeling the strain of present day conditions, start a course of 'Sanatogen' today.

'SANATOGEN'

NERVE-TONIC FOOD

Obtainable from all chemists in tins, price 12/1½, 6/6 and 2/6½
(Including Tax).

The Registered Trade Mark 'SANATOGEN' applied to Nerve-Tonic Food, denotes a brand of casein and sodium glycerophosphate chemically combined by Genatosan Limited, the proprietors of the Trade Mark.



When the black-out is just a memory

Streets blaze again with lights... ears strain no more for sirens... peace blesses this land again. Will you then have the deep satisfaction of knowing that you played your part in bringing these better days?

Peace will mean more to you if there is no duty you have neglected. One duty is this. Buy 3% Savings Bonds or 2½% National War Bonds with every pound of your bank balance in excess of your known wants.

The Government needs your money for the war effort—and needs it in this way. And this need is your personal concern. Act NOW. Time presses. Consult your banker or stockbroker today about investing in 3% Savings Bonds or 2½% National War Bonds.

3%
SAVINGS
BONDS
1955-65

2½%
NATIONAL
WAR BONDS
1949-51

These are full Trustee Securities and are obtainable through any Bank or Stockbroker. Price of issue £100 per cent. No limit to holdings. For each of these securities there are also a Post Office Issue and a Trustee Savings Bank Issue with a maximum subscription of £1,000.

THIS SPACE HAS BEEN PLACED AT THE DISPOSAL OF THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE BY MESSRS. WHITBREAD & CO., LTD.

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London

THE TATLER

LONDON
NOVEMBER 12, 1941

and BYSTANDER

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.

Price :
One Shilling and Sixpence
Vol. CLXII. No. 2107



Vivienne

As Shakespeare's Shrew: Claire Luce in an E.N.S.A. Production

Claire Luce, who made her successful London debut in Shakespeare last July in Robert Atkins's production of *The Taming of the Shrew*, is now touring with E.N.S.A. in the same play. As Katharina, this versatile actress showed herself to be worthy of Shakespeare traditions, while Patrick Kinsella gave a fine performance as Petruchio. E.N.S.A., who already have an audience of some 50,000,000 in the Forces and in the factories, are increasing their productions all over the country, special attention being given to small units. The success of Shakespeare and other good plays proves that the troops today prefer a high standard of entertainment, both in plays and music. When her present tour is over, Claire Luce is returning to the London stage as Cleopatra in *Antony and Cleopatra*.



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Tiresome Tactics

So it has been left to Lord Halifax to announce to an American audience that Lord Beaverbrook won't resign from the Government. Why should this be necessary? I don't know. Lord Beaverbrook is, as we have noted before, a man of great energy. He lives on his energy; and on the reputation it gives him. He's always on the move. He darts here and darts there. In such an important affair as Government, where plans must be well defined and set to schedule, a darting mind can quickly upset the tenor and tempo of the progress aimed at.

Maybe Lord Beaverbrook doesn't always like the results of his own dynamics. Those people who are in a position to judge say that the results are oft-times chaotic. At such times we may assume that it is necessary to produce, with darting speed, another idea. If the powers that be don't like the new idea then the rumour is launched that Lord Beaverbrook has tendered his resignation. It has happened so frequently that it is all becoming rather tiresome. Like many other tiresome things, however, it is exclusively a British problem; not American. In these circumstances Lord Halifax's intervention is not easily understandable.

Of course, Lord Beaverbrook is Supply Minister and Americans are directly concerned with that side of the war. But probably they are more interested in the personality of Lord Beaverbrook because of his pre-war and post-Cabinet policies.

In London there are a lot of people who would dearly like to know where Lord Beaverbrook really stands.

Premier's Prestige

IF Lord Halifax had been giving his American audience an assurance about the Prime Minister's position I could have understood his intervention. A friend back from many months in Washington—a man with a clear appreciation of the American scene—says that Mr. Churchill is without doubt Britain's biggest asset in the United States. For a Churchill broadcast loudspeakers are turned on in gardens, back streets, main thoroughfares, in taxicabs, clubs, restaurants and bars. Mr. Churchill's words can have a greater effect than any other proclamation of like kind, with the exception of President Roosevelt's broadcasts. The vigour and valiance of the Prime Minister in the dark days have not been forgotten. Whatever may be said of him, Mr. Churchill represents in American eyes our war effort more than anybody else.

Critics will do well to remember this.

Life in Washington

MY friend reports the gradual progress of American opinion. There was a time, not many months ago, when experts in the United States could not be convinced that Britain would survive. The evacuation of Crete affected these experts more than the withdrawal from Dunkirk. Not even the prowess of the Royal Air Force could balance the hopelessness with which our situation was viewed.

The life of an Englishman in Washington thus became difficult, to say the least of it. His natural confidence in the outcome of the war was constantly assailed. Well-meaning Americans were kind and hospitable, but their

attitude in most cases seemed to be that of pity. They couldn't see the tiny British Isles standing much longer as the bastion of liberty in conquered Europe. German agents worked their hardest to fan this atmosphere of hopelessness. Englishmen were held up to ridicule in street cars and bars. It was made to appear that thousands of Britons were living on American bounty in Washington.

All that is changed now. Continued British confidence—and Mr. Churchill—have at last convinced the majority of Americans that our cause is worth supporting. Good men are coming forward and putting their efforts voluntarily into the expanding Government machine which is being geared for war.

Force of Emotion

AMERICANS are probably the most emotional of all people. They are proud that we have stood up to Hitler. They want to do the same. But they cannot forget the last war, and the majority of Americans appear to have a grossly exaggerated idea of what their losses actually were. Of the large expeditionary force sent to Europe, the American dead through battle and illness amounted to 50,000 all told. But the average American citizen believes their casualties reached the million mark. They don't want this to happen again, if they can help it.

At the same time they want to help us all they can. They recognise that they have proclaimed themselves as the champions of liberty the world over. It is still a battle of emotions which the people of the United States are fighting. And, as my friend says, it is not exactly comfortable to be surrounded by 130,000,000 uneasy consciences.

President's Health Better

ONE of the most wholesome signs in the United States is the growth of criticism of President Roosevelt's political tactics. His warmest supporters are responsible for this. They are tired of his indirect approach to recurring problems. In the early days, when American opinion had to be carefully shepherded, President Roosevelt had to use the indirect approach. But with each decision made in this way he got increased support. Now his supporters want him to drop the indirect approach and adopt the direct method of leading Americans towards the fulfilment of their declared policy. They are sure that the people will follow him to the very end.

After nearly ten years of office, the President cannot be expected to have the same driving force. But his health has improved to a remarkable degree. There was a time, in May, when lassitude and indecision crept on him. He was not too ill to go away; nor was he well enough to supply all the vigour necessary. Papers piled up on his desk in the White House, and decisions were deferred. All that has altered now. Restored in health, President Roosevelt is driving the growing American machine with greater confidence, and the help of Mr. Wendell Willkie.

No defeated presidential candidate of the past has dared to defy convention and maintain himself in the van of political thought. We in this country have every reason to be grateful to Mr. Willkie. It is considered as certain as anything can be that the American people will show their gratitude and confidence in him at the next Presidential election.

Imperial War Cabinet?

APART from the cries of those critics who want immediate reconstruction of the Government, Mr. Churchill is once more faced with the demand for the creation of an Imperial War Cabinet. Sir Earl Page, curly haired, energetic and forthright, is in London



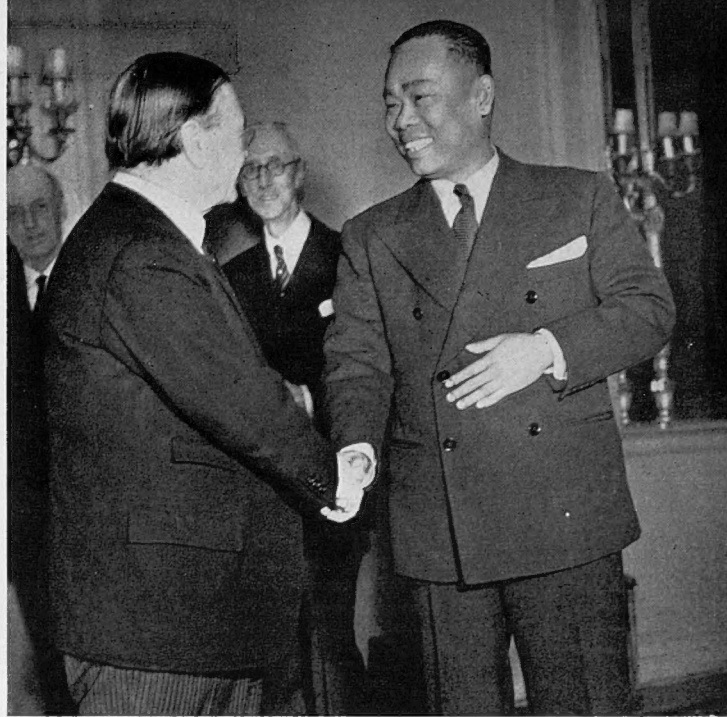
British Commanders in Conference

This excellent photograph of General Sir Archibald Wavell, C.-in-C. India, and General Sir Claude Auchinleck, C.-in-C. Middle East, arrived in London last week. Since they met, General Wavell has done a good deal of travelling. November news of him has dealt with his tour of war factories in North-East India, his two-day inspection of Burma's defences, and his visit to Singapore. There he has been in conference with the Far East defence chiefs, headed by the C.-in-C., Air Chief Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham. He also saw Mr. Duff Cooper before the latter left for Australia



A Send-off for the "Aid to Russia" Units

Mrs. Winston Churchill's Red Cross "Aid to Russia" Fund, aiming to raise £1,000,000, looks like reaching half the total after only a month. Last week Mrs. Churchill, accompanied by the Russian Ambassador and his wife, inspected a Red Cross display unit of vehicles which will tour England and Wales, collecting money for the Fund. M. Maisky, Mme. Maisky, Mrs. Churchill and Lord Iliffe waved good-bye to the cars as they left London for the country. The Red Cross has undertaken to pay for, pack, and despatch large quantities of drugs delivered to them by the Ministry of Supply, and hope by January to be able to send at least thirty per cent of what Russia needs



Farewell Luncheon to Premier U Saw

Mr. Amery, Secretary of State for India and Burma, and U Saw, forty-year-old Prime Minister of Burma, shook hands at the East India Association and Royal Empire Society luncheon for U Saw before he concluded his visit to Britain. Both made speeches at the luncheon: U Saw described Mr. Amery as "a warm-hearted genial Secretary of State," but said with regard to his conversations with Government representatives about Dominion status for Burma that "the results have not fulfilled the high hopes that my countrymen and I entertained." U Saw goes back to Burma by way of America, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and Malaya

to urge this on behalf of the Australian Government. Feeling is so strong in Australia on this point that it is difficult to see how the Prime Minister can shelve the matter again.

A few months ago, when it was a live issue Mr. Churchill found that the Canadian Government were definitely opposed to the setting up of an Empire Cabinet in London. There was also reluctance on the part of the South African Government. The Australians have reason to believe that Mr. Mackenzie King has modified his attitude now, and may be prepared to nominate a Canadian to sit with other Dominion statesmen in London for the purpose of sharing in the direction of war strategy. It seems, therefore, that we are on the eve of big changes.

Hope Deferred

SMILING U Saw, Prime Minister of Burma, has left London proclaiming that he has no feeling of bitterness because the British Government will not give a definite promise of Dominion status for Burma after the war. But with astuteness worthy of a Western politician he made his position clear to the public at large before he withdrew the sting. He frankly declared his dissatisfaction, and made the obvious point that countries within the Empire should be freed before those countries suffering under Hitler's heel.

For Mr. Churchill, who had conducted the talks with U Saw, Burma's desire for independence must have been reminiscent of the fight over the India reforms some years ago. He steadfastly refused to agree that India should be given more than a modicum of freedom until she had proved capable of conducting her own affairs. It was a bitter fight Mr. Churchill waged in the House of Commons, which made him unpopular with the Conservative Party caucus but strangely enough not with the Labour Party. They seemed to respect his die-hard point of view more than the milk-and-water compromises of the Conservative Party.

Far East Front

GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD WAVELL has been on the move ever since he was in London but a few weeks ago. After visiting Iran for discussions about the defence of the Caucasus he has been across India, into Burma and lastly he has been having consultations with Air Chief Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham in Singapore.

Reading the route of his travels we can assume that the Commander-in-Chief India is preparing to meet an anticipated joint move by the Germans and the Japanese to strike at India. Burma thus becomes a vital point. Indications are reaching London that the Japanese will first attempt to cut the Burma Road and thus deprive China of American and British supplies along this route. If the Japanese were to succeed China's plight would be serious, for there is no other effective route now that Russia is desperately engaged. Much depends on the course of Hitler's thrust against Moscow as well as the Caucasus.

Prime Minister's Port

As Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief of the Polish Forces, General Sikorski has established himself firmly in the counsels of the Allies. He is a close friend and admirer of Sir Archibald Wavell, and he is on intimate terms with Mr. Churchill who consults him regularly on matters of strategy. Mr. Ernest Bevin is another member of the War Cabinet on terms of personal friendship with the Polish Prime Minister.

General Sikorski is a confirmed believer in the future of democracy. He is a powerful public speaker, and is so fond of making speeches that his advisers sometimes have the greatest difficulty in restraining him when he sees a crowd. He has not mastered English yet, but has a fluent command of French. When in England, General Sikorski spends twelve hours a day in his office, and then motors to his home in Surrey each night. He doesn't smoke, and the only drink he really cares for is his glass of port.

Some time ago General Sikorski promised that he would visit the Polish troops who are being trained and equipped in Russia. There are now something like seven divisions being prepared to throw their weight against the Germans.

Turkish President's Hope

PRESIDENT INONU's statement that Turkey would be happy to be the source of mediation between warring nations was regarded as nothing more than a pious hope. In some quarters, however, it did cause surprise. But it may be nothing more than an astute political move. Turkey is balancing on a razor edge. German pressure never relaxes; and the President asserted that Turkey would stand by all her commitments. So it must be assumed that the Turkish Government are not blind to the realities of the situation; they are playing for time.

Every day Turkey's power to defend herself becomes stronger; and among the army and air force heads there is no wishful thinking. They know that one day Hitler will demand free passage for his troops and the use of landing grounds—if the war continues in its present course.

Princess Visits Brother

FROM Rome comes the news that Princess Marie José, who is married to the Italian Crown Prince, has flown to Belgium to see her brother, King Leopold. Inevitably it is suggested that she has gone to seek his advice how Italy can best contract out of the war and seek a separate peace. The only shred of support that might be given this story is the increasing reluctance of Italian sailors to serve on ships taking supplies across the Mediterranean to Tripoli. Also reliable information that the Italians are actually strengthening the fortifications on the Brenner Pass. Americans coming out of Italy assert quite definitely that Italy could be invaded at this moment with no greater prospect of anything more than token resistance.

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

The Best Twelve

WHAT short memories some of my colleagues seem to have. To read them you would think that the films began with *Mayerling* or *Winterset*. At least I note that when they regale their readers with their lists of the best twelve films they seldom mention anything that happened before these day-before-yesterday masterpieces.

Now why do my gifted colleagues invariably assume that the film started on the day on which was conferred on them the imbecility of speech? If I must make a list of my best twelve films I should certainly begin with

1. *Way Down East*.

This has not perhaps the monumental quality of Griffith at his best. There was, in this film, that keen differentiation of character, whereby each figure stood out so that you could raise it, in the general process of metamorphosis, to an abstract quality. Thus the Squire became *Intolerance* and the gossip *Tittle-Tattle*. This picture used to move me strangely; proportion and rhythm, which together are the foundation of all art, must have gone to the making of it as surely as to a volume of Proust. The crux of the matter is not to what extent a particular film is

pathetic or amusing, but to decide whether we may include even the best film within the scope and category of art. I think, definitely, that in this case we may, and that in the case of such a picture as

(2) *Broken Blossoms*

we must. I shall never forget the Whistlerian fogs and shadows of that setting, and that dock in Limehouse ever recurring like some pedal point. I once read an Eastern poem of but a single line

"Oh, these wistaria flowers!"

some of the ache and beauty of which Richard Bartelmess got into his performance of the Chinese boy. The next film must be

(3) *The Gold Rush*.

The scene in which Charlie Chaplin waits for his friends who never come ought surely to be enshrined in the memories of the filmgoer for ever. There is one word in the English language which critics misuse as often as they do the word genius. This is the word unforgettable. Some ten years ago I had occasion to look through some of my old dramatic notices, and I found no less than forty-seven "unforgettable" performances of which I had not the vaguest recollection. I made a vow

never again to use the word unless I was absolutely certain that the passing of at least a fortnight would not stultify its use. I forget how many years it is since I saw Emil Jannings in

(4) *The Blue Angel*.

At least I take that to have been the film at the end of which Jannings was engaged as a circus clown, in which role he must utter that infinitely poignant Cock-a-doodle-doo. I have never forgotten that moment, and never shall. Wherefore I suggest that the word unforgettable is for once justified. The next film is

(5) *Warning Shadows*.

Have people forgotten this picture? It was a lifelike story of another Othello mad with jealousy at the idea that his Desdemona may have deceived him. There was one marvellous scene where the husband, the wife and three suspected lovers are sitting round a huge table. Enter a travelling showman who is permitted to amuse this audience. He proceeds to produce some silhouette figures from a bag, and on the wall we watch a shadow play about husband, wife and lovers. And then, by some curious trick of photography the shadows give way to a dream-play about the real people in the film. This closes with the jealous husband piercing his wife's body with a sword. And lo, the characters have been asleep, they wake, and find to their infinite joy that all the horrors have taken place in their dreams. And now we come to

(6) *Battleship Potemkin*.

From which it follows that half my list is made up of silent pictures. Space is shortening, and in quick succession I give the German film of the street boys playing at war. It was called

(7) *No Greater Glory*.

Followed by

(8) *Pépé le Moko*,

(9) *Scarface*,

(10) *Dark Victory*.

And as I cannot think of two more worthy to be included in a national library of films I shall make up my dozen with any two of the earlier Charlie Chaplins.

THE films of the past week have been disappointing, the principal one being *International Squadron* (Warner's). This is the kind of picture which we are likely to see over and over again. Indeed it is only a few weeks since we saw Robert Taylor doing very much the same thing in connection with a squadron calling itself the Hell Cats. I trust it will not be thought unkind if I say that *International Squadron* is merely *Flight Command* all over again.

Here is a point which baffles me. I cannot understand why Hollywood should be so fond of taking for its hero the Outrageous Cad who Makes Good. In the present film Jimmy Grant, through his mania for showing off, causes the death of two members of the British Squadron which he has joined. Ultimately he is shot down in a dog fight into which he went through flat disobedience of orders. And we are asked to draw the inference that he was not a cad but a hero in disguise. Surely there is a woeful want of logic here, the real moral of the picture being not that a hero cannot be a cad, but that a cad can, at a pinch, behave like a hero.

This picture is immensely exciting throughout. There is some superb flying, and there are beautiful performances by Ronald Reagan as the hero and James Stephenson as a nicely observed and wholly credible squadron leader in the British Air Force. The women in the story are used with discretion, and none of them is at any time concealed in the plane's bomb rack. I still look forward to that picture in which the airman will press the wrong button and inadvertently unload the blonde on a goods yard in Hamm.



"International Squadron"—Another Flying Picture

The squadron-leader (James Stephenson) arrives in time to stop two pilots (Ronald Reagan and Michael Ames) fighting about a girl: this is a bit of "International Squadron." Hollywood's latest flying picture. Mr. Agate comments on it this week: it went to the Warner on October 31. The girl the pilots scrap over is played by Olympe Bradna

A Cronin Double

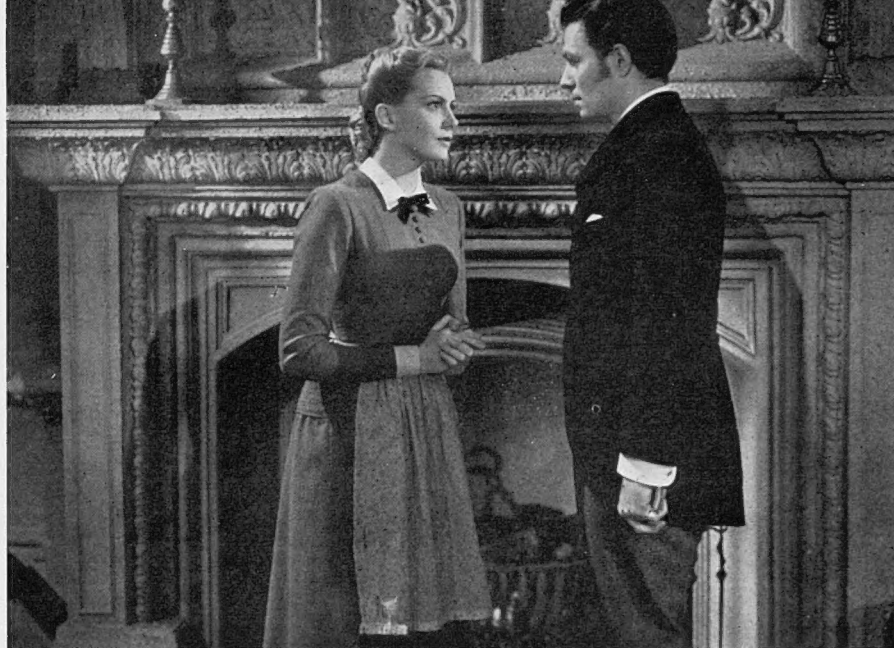
The Film of "Hatter's Castle" Will Run
Alongside the First Cronin Play



Dennis the Scoundrel and Mary the Heroine

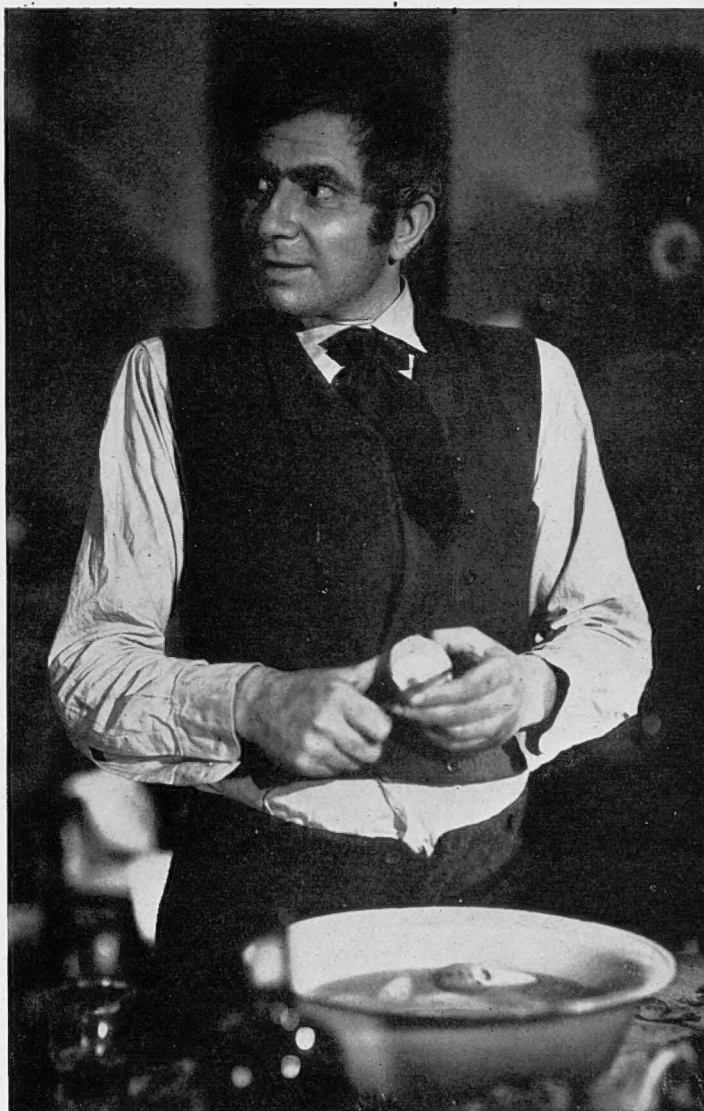
Dennis, former lover of Brodie's barmaid mistress, and suitor and betrayer of Brodie's daughter Mary, is played by Emyln Williams. Mary, unhappy heroine of Cronin's grim story, is Deborah Kerr

Nancy, the barmaid, is Brodie's mistress and a bad lot. Enid Stamp-Taylor plays this part



Renwick, the Upright Young Doctor, Loves Mary

Mary, seduced and betrayed by her father's rascally assistant Dennis, refuses the marriage offer of young Dr. Renwick (James Mason). But after her father's death and the death of her illegitimate child, and after many struggles and privations, she marries Renwick in the end



Brodie, the Brutal Hatter of Levensford

"Hatter's Castle" is called after the home of James Brodie, the arrogant and tyrannical hatter whose family—even the son he loves—suffer under his brutality. Robert Morley was chosen for this strongly dramatic part



Mrs. Brodie, the Hatter's Invalid Wife

Beatrice Varley plays Mrs. Brodie, unhappy wife of the hatter. She loves her children but can do little to protect them from her husband's tyranny

Hatter's Castle, A. J. Cronin's first novel, has been made into a film at Denham with Robert Morley as the unforgettable tyrant, Brodie. Two important players in the film, James Mason and Beatrice Varley, are also in the Cronin play, *Jupiter Laughs*, at the New Theatre (see pp. 232-3). Deborah Kerr's most important part hitherto was in *Love on the Dole*, screen version. *Hatter's Castle*, produced by I. Goldsmith and directed by Lancelot Comfort, has a premiere at the London Plaza on Friday in aid of the London Fire Service Benevolent Fund, and a Scottish premiere at the Glasgow Paramount on Sunday in aid of Glasgow War Relief

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Distant Point (Westminster)

THIS rather ingenuous Communist play, written by Alexander Afinogenev (whose death in a Moscow air-raid was announced last week) and adapted by Hubert Griffith, has a certain charm which would have been a good deal more charming had the treatment been a good deal less partisan; but the author is so busy making a case for life under the Soviets that, before the evening is over, we feel it to be almost too much of a good thing.

The action takes place on the platform and in the neighbourhood of "an infinitesimal railway station on the Trans-Siberian Railway," where a train, bearing an amiable Army Corps commander, his excellent wife, and his useful A.D.C. to Moscow, has been held up for repairs. The humble inmates of the station are in a flutter. The kindly stationmaster prepares a speech of welcome. The excellent telegraph operator sings to the strum of his guitar. The eager daughter exhibits a humorously commendable zeal for all the teachings of the new (Russian) order. A sad switchman laughs for the first time since his wife died on learning that his two sons have been decorated for bravery and photographed for the Press. A linesman longs for Moscow and protests that he must leave his wife, but in the end doesn't. His wife is content (more or less) that he should go if he feels that he must go but is happy that he doesn't when he doesn't. The stationmaster's wife, an eccentric Diana, is overjoyed with the gift of a new gun from the general. Everybody is nice, and there is much concern over the news that the general is a dying man and is not likely to last more than three months or so.



The telegraph operator-guitarist (Guy Verney) is in love with a linesman's wife (Mary Morris)

It is pleasant to see the general, his wife and the A.D.C. sitting at breakfast round the same table with the wayside folk, picnicking with them later in the day in the same sylvan surroundings, and talking to them like comrades and almost like equals. It is agreeable to think that the wayside folk will read and no doubt benefit from the books which are generously bestowed on them before their visitors depart. But a lot of nice people being nice is not dramatic, and although the cloud of death that hangs over the general and the cloud of desertion that hangs over the linesman's wife provide an interest that excellence



The stationmaster (Arthur Hambling), the stationmaster's wife (Christine Silver) and the stationmaster's daughter (Maria Britnieva) take an "organised walk"

of character alone can never achieve, these things are not really enough, and the characterisation, though varied, does not go sufficiently deep to engross us in the internal drama which every human being carries within himself.

The best scenes are those in which an old good-for-nothing, who was once a priest but has lost his faith, insists on making a nuisance of himself by embarking on Socratic inquiries that lead, triumphantly so far as he is concerned, to nowhere. Here antagonism provides stiffening, and the part is so dynamically acted by Mr. Esme Percy that he deserves every round the audience insists on giving him whenever he makes an exit. To applaud an actor, however, for going off the stage always seems to me a queer form of compliment; to applaud an actor for anything in the middle of a play always seems to me thoroughly bad playgoing.

It cannot be said that *Distant Point*, which was first presented at the Gate and afterwards at the Unity, is very happily cast at the Westminster. Mr. Edmund Willard as the general is for once pleasantly relieved of villainy; but the only distinguished performance apart from that given by Mr. Percy comes from Miss Mary Morris, a young actress of outstanding possibilities. Talk as the others may, it is the silence of Miss Morris that you will watch when she is on the stage if you are wise. Here, one suspects, are unplumbed depths and a seriousness of purpose that should carry her far if she can steer clear of Shaftesbury Avenue. I should like to see her with Mr. Mason in a company of young actors embarking on heroic adventures. These two, anyway, will do for the theatre of the future.



A renegade deacon (Esmé Percy, centre) preaches on a woodcock's privilege of life to an A.D.C. (Robert Moreton), a General (Edmund Willard), two railwaymen (Tarva Penner and Christopher Willard) and the General's wife (Josephine Wilson)



Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Russian Left-Over: Esmé Percy as Vlas

Peak acting in *Distant Point*, the Soviet play at the Westminster Theatre, comes from Esmé Percy as a drunken, dirty, angry bit of the past. Vlas, however, is more preoccupied with what he's mumbling here over the body of a dead woodcock—"It is given to no man to know in advance the hour of his death"—and his own loss of faith than with the problem of adapting himself to Soviet life. The ardent Communists who make up the rest of the cast treat his philosophical ranting and moaning with the tolerant but impatient contempt they feel for his dirt and slovenliness. Herbert Farjeon writes of *Distant Point* on the opposite page, and more pictures were in last week's "Tatler"

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Visitors

AMONG interesting people in London is Mr. Sigurstein Magnusson, Icelandic Consul for Scotland. He has lived in Edinburgh for eleven years, and is a Viking type—though with brownish hair—and an authority on cod-liver oil, herring oil, and codfish, Iceland's main exports; we are now importing 50 per cent. of their cod-liver oil. He loves watching rugby, and cold winds, of which Edinburgh can supply a tolerable imitation of his native ones, cheer and brace him. He describes an interesting trip from Iceland with Seton Gordon. The sea was the traditional glass, and Gordon played Scottish melodies on the bagpipes from the bridge.

Another visitor is Colonel Brunswick, a French veteran of the last war, and a keen follower of de Gaulle. He is Hon. President of the Associations des Gueules Cassées, and has just returned from the United States, where he has been lecturing and rallying all the broken-jawed veterans there. The association has two chateaux, one in Occupied and one in Unoccupied France, full of jaw victims, like their leader. The Nazis have allowed them to remain in their chateaux.

Speeches

MR. DREXEL BIDDLE was in the chair when Mr. Henry Strasburger, Polish Minister of Finance, made a speech at a

fork lunch at the Overseas League. He referred to Germany as the barrier between Great Britain and Poland, and, all through history, a disrupting influence in Europe.

There were lots of diplomats and such there to listen, including Professor Stronski, Polish Minister of Information; Mr. Utratz, Czechoslovak Minister of Finance; Mr. Soure, Yugoslav Minister of Finance; Lady Rumbold, whose late husband was minister to Poland before he was ambassador to Germany; Mr. T. Filipowicz, former Polish Ambassador to the U.S.A.; Lieut. Lipski, former Polish Ambassador in Berlin; Mr. Frank Savery, Counsellor to the British Embassy in Poland; Mr. Gower, Secretary to the U.S. Embassy, and so on.

Lunching

AMONG people lunching at the May Fair the other day were Lord and Lady Bingley, Major Sir John and Lady Gilmour, Lady Milburne, Lady Maud Baillie, and Lord and Lady Waleran.

Lord Waleran, who used to be well known in the motor-racing world, has a lovely house in Devonshire, where his mother, Mrs. Adams, who is a sister of the Duchess of Wellington, and whose father was Lord Glentanar, used to give lovely parties. His brother, Humphrey Waldron, is living down in Devonshire now.

An after-lunch occupant of the island between the Berkeley and the Ritz was



Sir John and Lady Anderson

Sir John Anderson, M.P., and Mrs. Ralph Wigram were married on October 30th at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace. The new Lady Anderson was the widow of the late Mr. Ralph Wigram, head of the Central European Department of the Foreign Office, and is a sister of Major Josselin Bodley, the artist, who gave her away. The Lord President of the Council had his son, Flt.-Lieut. Anderson, as best man.

General de Gaulle, very tall, with his distinguished nose and the peak of his hat sticking out in unison.

Birthday Party

A LOVELY whose face is familiar to most people had a twenty-first birthday cocktail-party the other day. She is Jacqueline Craven, photographic model, who posed for the Bus Conductress recruiting poster.

John Everard, the photographer, was there, and most of the beauties who are to be in the new George Black show, *Get a Load of This*. They included Vivien Bowden, Muriel Oxford, and Catherine Hinton, who was badly hurt in, and one of the heroines of, the Café de Paris disaster. She spent three months with her leg in plaster of Paris, but is quite well again now and soon going into a new musical comedy.

Another decorative guest was Mrs. John Steel, who was Evelyn Spilsbury, daughter of Sir Bernard, and there were lots of R.A.F. and Navy, including Surgeon-Lieut. Thompson, the former racing driver.

The huge cake was entirely made of unrationed ingredients, and the party was another May Fair date. The current cabaret there is John Ridley, remaining member of "That Certain Trio"—Patrick Waddington is in the R.A.F. and Anne de Nys in Johannesburg.

In Somerset

ROBERT CONWAY ROBERTSON has just finished a portrait of Miss Susan Vernon and has now gone to an O.C.T.U. His wife, Lady Fiona Conway Robertson, is a daughter of Lady Loudoun, who is a countess in her own right. They were married just over a year ago, and she is soon going to have a baby. He studied painting in London, Paris, and pre-war Milan, and when living in Scotland was

(Concluded on page 226)



The Duchess of Kent Visits Hospital and Book Depots in Oxford

The Duchess of Kent finished a long tour of hospital supply service depots, naval war libraries and a prisoner-of-war book department at Oxford by a visit to the Central Hospital Supply Service depot at Worcester College. Here she was photographed with Mrs. Napier, Deputy Regional Officer of the C.H.S.S., Lady Bruce-Gardner, Regional Officer for the No. 6 Region, and Lady Mary Herbert, her Lady-in-Waiting.

Johnson, Oxford

Two Weddings in the Country



Sir Anthony Meyer and Miss Barbadee Knight

Sec.-Lieut. Sir Anthony Meyer, Bt., Scots Guards, and Miss Barbadee Violet Knight were married at Eton College Chapel, and went to Cornwall for their honeymoon. He is the only son of the late Sir Frank Meyer, Bt., of Ayot St. Lawrence, Herts., and Mrs. Bendix, of Eastington Manor, Glos. She is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. A. Charles Knight, of Lincoln's Inn, W.C.1, and Datchet, Bucks. Scots Guards pipers played them out of the chapel



Miss Barbadee Knight's three grown-up bridesmaids were Miss Winifred Hardinge, Miss Barbara Crichton, and Miss Sarah Dashwood. They wore pearl net dresses (the bride wore pearl-tinted satin), and had feather hats to match their cyclamen bouquets



Mrs. Bendix; Sir Anthony Meyer's mother, Mr. A. Charles Knight, the bride's father, Mr. Philip Shephard, Grenadier Guards, the best man, Mrs. Knight, the bride's mother, and Mr. Bendix, the bridegroom's stepfather, were on their way to the Meyer-Knight wedding reception in Mr. Whitfield's House, Eton College



Lieut. James Gladstone and Miss Rosamond Fellowes

Lieut. James G. Gladstone, King's Own Scottish Borderers, is the younger son of Sir Hugh and Lady Gladstone, of Capenoch, Penpont, Dumfriesshire. Miss Rosamond Daisy Fellowes is the daughter of the Hon. Reginald and Mrs. Fellowes, of 19, Rue St. James, Neuilly, France, and a cousin of Lord De Ramsey. They were married at the Roman Catholic Church, South Ascot, and went to Scotland for their honeymoon. They too had pipers to play them out of the church



Three guests at the Gladstone-Fellowes wedding at Ascot were Miss Brita Cederström, and the Earl and Countess of Ossory. Lady Ossory and Miss Cederström's mother, Baroness Cederström, are sisters of the bride's father, the Hon. Reginald Fellowes

Social Round-about

(Continued)

interested in social service problems. His grandmother was the Comtesse de Fresne.

Lady Fiona has been living for some time past at Mrs. Vernon's house at Bishop's Lydeard, near Taunton. The Vernons used to have very good house parties before the war. The son, Mervyn, is in the Grenadier Guards, and married Lady Violet Baring.

Bloodstock and Art in Eire

MR. JOSEPH MCGRATH is keeping bloodstock going in Ireland, and has just paid the near-record price of 14,175 guineas for Carpet Slipper, sold at Newmarket from Lord Furness's stud. Mr. McGrath, who is the Irish Sweep magnate, also owns Windsor Slipper.

The third exhibition of the season at the Waddington Galleries, Anne Street, Dublin, was opened by Mr. John Betjeman, British Press attaché. Paintings by Jack Hanlon, who studied under André L'Hôte in Paris, are being exhibited.

Other items from the nice green boggy island are that Mr. Ivon Kirkpatrick, of Celbridge, County Kildare, is to be in charge of the newly-formed Foreign Propaganda Department at the B.B.C., and that the Good Will Kitchens, which supply two-course lunches at ninepence a head (not for profit), and which were started by Mr. Justice Wylie, are serving over three hundred lunches daily.

Parnell Week

PARNELL has just had a week of commemoration. Mr. de Valera laid a wreath on his grave; Captain Henry Harrison arrived by 'plane from England to address an audience at the Gresham Hotel. This speech was made in aid of the coal fund for Dublin's poor. Captain Harrison is the only surviving member of the "Committee

Room 15" and was Parnell's secretary and friend.

Then there was a public procession and oration at the Parnell Monument, O'Connell Street, organised by the Dublin and Wicklowmen's Association. Members of the Cabinet and of the Diplomatic Corps were there, including Sir John Maffey.

And from Belfast Mr. Denis Johnstone broadcast a feature called "The Parnell Commission."

Worcester Red Cross

A ROTARY CLUB'S Ladies' Day in Worcestershire was visited by Lady Shrewsbury, who gave an address. It was soon after the Rotary Club's dance in aid of the Red Cross and St. John Ambulance Fund, and she spoke about the work of the Staffordshire Committee for these organisations, which, she pointed out, were working together since the war.

The President of the Club, Rotarian Walter Cutler, welcomed Lady Shrewsbury, and Past-President I. Collins made a speech of thanks to her for her visit.

Lady Shrewsbury was Miss Nadine Crofton, of Devonshire, and her sister is Mrs. Peter Heber-Percy.

Police Treat

"GARRISON THEATRE" has returned to the West End, complete with Jack Warner, in great form, and Joan Winter.

There was a gala performance when two thousand of the Metropolitan and City Police went, at the invitation of an anonymous benefactor. Admiral Sir Edward Evans of the Broke was in charge, and given the responsibility of doing the inviting. Sir Philip Game made a speech, and so did Mr. Herbert Morrison, the Home Secretary. He ended by saying how proud he was to be number one policeman, and made the point that, of the many visitors who had found the London Police wonderful, none had found them more so than the Nazi blitzers, all of whose efforts had been entirely unshaking to the famous morale.



Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Andersen

A wedding in Berkshire was that of Mr. Harold Frederic Andersen, O.B.E., and Miss Constance Mary Abdy, youngest daughter of the late Captain Sir Anthony Abdy, Bt., and the Hon. Lady Abdy, now at Queen's Arbour, Twyford, Berks. Mrs. Andersen is a niece of Lord Macdonald

Civilian car parkers felt safe among the welter of the cars of Inspectors and so on.

Pictures

THE London Group are having their third wartime Exhibition in Bond Street, and the pictures are a good mix up, from quite ordinary pots containing flowers and looking like that, to the most fantastic abstractions, and haywire geometrical charts containing floating bits of anatomy.

Number one on the catalogue is a darling little tiny green picture, looking like a close-up of an emerald with flaws, and called "Stream"—it is by Lawrence Gowing. John Tunnard, James Fitton, Matthew Smith, Oscar Kokoschka, Raymond Coxon, and so on and so on are represented.

Weddings

THERE have been a good many weddings lately. Miss Sheila Prentice, only daughter of Lady Egerton, of the Manor House, Ringwood, and of the late Mr. R. W. Prentice, married Mr. D. R. O. Mott, of Trull, Taunton. The bride wore white satin, and the wedding was in Hants.

Then Mr. H. F. Andersen married Miss Constance Abdy, daughter of the late Captain Sir Anthony Abdy, and the Hon. Lady Abdy, now living in Berks, where the wedding was. The bride was given away by Lord Lanesborough, and wore blue chiffon.

At Chobham Parish Church, Mr. F. M. Eastwood, of the Welsh Guards, married Miss Patricia Lambert, elder daughter of the late Mr. St. John Lambert, and of Mrs. Harry Hulbert, of Basingstoke. This time the bride wore shell pink and silver lace.

And in Gloucestershire Wing-Commander Reginald Sawrey-Cookson married Miss Joan Wynne Jeudwine, who was given away by her father, and wore white chiffon over satin.

Apropos the difficulty of remembering people's names before and after marriage, I stupidly said the other day that Countess "Tishy" Mankowska "was a Jameison." Actually she was a Jameson, a great-niece of the late Sir Starr Jameson.



Richardson, Worcester

At the Worcestershire Christening of Hugh Francis John Davies

The three-months-old son of Lieut.-Col. F. T. Davies, Grenadier Guards, and the Hon. Mrs. Davies was christened Hugh Francis John at Elmley Castle, Pershore, Worcs., the home of his grandfather, General Sir Francis Davies. Mrs. Davies is Lord Brougham and Vaux's sister, and was married last year. In this group are General Sir Francis Davies, Miss Grizel Davies, Colonel and Mrs. Davies and their son, Miss Patricia Lowry-Corry, one of the six godparents, and Lady Davies

London Roundabout



Out walking in London were Viscountess Allendale, her daughter Ela, and her youngest son, Matthew. Lady Allendale is a daughter of the late Sir Charles Seely, Bt., and a sister of Lord Sherwood. She married Lord Allendale, who is a Lord-in-Waiting to the King, in 1921. Her second brother, Major Victor Seely, is a prisoner of war. The Allendes have five sons and one daughter



The muff and military-looking coat of Viscountess Scarsdale are appropriate wear for London in November. Lady Scarsdale was formerly Miss Mildred Dunbar, and married in 1923 Lord Scarsdale, nephew of the late Lord Curzon of Kedleston



Seven bulls in her first ten shots were scored by Dr. Edith Summerskill, M.P., on the House of Commons rifle range, when she qualified for the Parliamentary Rifle Club. Above she is studying her score-card while practising at the Cripplegate Institute. She is the Labour Member for West Fulham



Flying-Officer (more easily recognised as Major) "Fruity" Metcalf was photographed in town recently in R.A.F. uniform. A personal friend of the Duke of Windsor, he accompanied the then Prince of Wales as his A.D.C. on his Indian and Japanese tours



Air Ace Paddy Finucane, R.A.A.F., Irish-born leader of an Australian Spitfire squadron, holder of the D.S.O. and D.F.C., with Bars, broadcast in the B.B.C. series, "The World Goes By." He injured his foot some weeks ago, and stopped to discuss symptoms with a fellow-sufferer, Tank Officer Paddock, on leaving the studio



A major in the Northamptonshire Yeomanry, Viscount Wimborne was caught by the camera in front of a London branch of Barclay's Bank. As the Hon. Ivor Guest he was M.P. for Brecknockshire and Radnorshire from 1935 to 1939

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

LITTLE we dreamed, contemplating the 200-ft. glass-encased Tapestry in the museum at Bayeux one sunny afternoon a few years ago, that it would be serving a German conqueror before long as an object-lesson for neutrals, illustrating the ease with which anybody can invade and rule England if he takes the trouble.

The gnome Goebbels's history being about on a par with that of our own little Whig pedants—he, too, babbles as if Harold's troops were a national force—the intelligent French, at least, will naturally remain unmoved. What must concern them more is the fate of the Tapestry itself, one of the treasures of Europe.

It used for centuries to hang in Bayeux Cathedral on high feasts. The Revolution grabbed it for the town museum, which was empty on the market day we were there, except for a stout, bowlerhatted citizen of Caen resting his poor hot buniony dogs after trying to sell the wary citizens of Bayeux linseed, in which he travelled. His brooding eyes were full of Norman chicanery, avarice, and anger, he did not give a damn, we soon gathered, for the Conqueror, he cared still less about Bishop Odo, and the most fascinating enigma of the whole Tapestry he refused, with an oath, to discuss at all, saying it was all a heap of folly.

Revolt

THIS enigma comes between William's last interview with Harold and William's departure for Mont St. Michel. It is a group of two figures: an Anglo-Saxon sweetheart standing between two pillars, and an infuriated Norman in the dress and tonsure of a learned lay clerk landing her a slap on the ear. Above it are the words: "VNVS: CLERICVS: ET: ÆLF-GYVA," that is: "A clerk and Ælfgyva," and not a single authority on the Bayeux Tapestry we've ever consulted can make head or tail of it. Our own theory is that it represents symbolically the age-long revolt of Culture against the Typical Dumb Anglo-Saxon Blonde, but it would be just like you to suggest that it just represents a girl named Ælfgyva (as it might be Dinty, or Babs) who went round annoying gentlemen and getting slaps on the ear, a common phenomenon in any age.

There it is, anyway. Poor little Ælfgyva. Poor little wide-eyed terrible dumb-cluck. You can almost hear her repeating "But I don't *underthland*, Mithter de Turberville!" A public-spirited artist would have given her clerkly chum a hairbrush, at that.



"It's the fighting Fifty-Ninth, sir, they're complaining about the rough sheets"

Ghost

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, according to one of the gossip-boys, has left off haunting the Queen Anne house in Maple Street, Soho, occupied by Mr. Harry Jonas, the portrait painter, since bombs fell near by. It seems a pity.

No more kindly, cosy, rosy, bespectacled, endearing ghost than Thackeray could be met on any midnight staircase, in our unfortunate view. A bit of a snob, perhaps (when he wrote *The Book of Snobs*, you recollect, "snob" signified "cad"), but you could get him to twinkle and beam round the house any night, no doubt, by getting a duchess to drop in. Dickens, who once lived at the same address, would be far more temperamental and difficult unless maybe you filled the house at nights with dear little gay winsome actresses, which nobody sane would ever want to do.

But it must be charming to be haunted by Thackeray, and nobody would appreciate it more than a chap we know who is haunted day and night by the three Brontë sisters riding a tandem roadster, one of whom—Charlotte, generally—strikes at him repeatedly with a bicycle-pump.

Case

THE Psychical Research Society never investigate cases like this, preferring to waste their time on poltergeists romping round haunted rectories and whatnot. They'd get more results from the evidence of a poor devil who has to duck low in his bath every morning at 7.45 when the Brontë girls pedal in through the locked door, frustration stamped on every feature, and cycle laboriously round the bathmat till Charlotte signals okay for action and lets drive. They never speak, he says. Emily, wrapped in hopeless gloom, gives a sort of despairing grunt when Charlotte misses. Anne, on the back saddle, just stares and keeps glumly freewheeling. After three swipes or so they pedal slowly out and wait for him in the street. An interesting case of vindictive persecution, due, our friend thinks, to his having torn off the golden wig of a big best-selling booksy girl who was gnawing at his calf like a tigress during a P.E.N. Club guest-night scrimmage or literary free-for-all some time ago.

(Concluded on page 230)



"Come and get it!"

Portraits

The Private View of the R.P.S.
Show at Burlington House



Olive Snell (Mrs. Plke) puts a finishing touch to her portrait of a young Australian pilot, Tony Gaze. A reproduction of her portrait-drawing of Mrs. Douglas Bader is on page 237 of this week's issue; more will follow. All her profits go to the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund



A painting of the Queen is one of the exhibits in the Royal Society of Portrait Painters' annual exhibition, this year being held at Burlington House. Looking at the portrait are its artist Flora Lion, Lady Alexander, Lady Lyons and Lady O'Keefe



Anna Zinkeisen, wearing St. John Ambulance Brigade uniform, was photographed at the private view looking at Norman Hepple's "London Fireman." For Miss Zinkeisen's portrait of Lady Louis Mountbatten, see below



Anna Zinkeisen has painted Lady Louis Mountbatten as President of the St. John Ambulance Brigade in the County of London. Below, another County President of the Brigade, Lady Cook, whose work is in Norfolk, looks at the portrait

"That's my mummy," said little Virginia Robertson when her mother took her up to her own portrait by Alethea Harcourt. Miss Harcourt is on the left

The Postmaster-General and Maurice Codner stood for the photographer beside the latter's painting of the former. "The Times" said of Mr. Codner's "The Rt. Hon. W. S. Morrison" that it is "perhaps the most satisfactory of the more formal and elaborate portraits"



Standing By ...

(Continued)

Astral

ANOTHER slighting reference to the Press astrologers by an eminent astronomer shows that although masses of the Island Race in 1941 are as cretinous as the ape-browed, mud-eating 'Mbongos of 'Mbongoland, British astronomy still fails to descry Fleet Street's witch-doctors on the horizon on the clearest night with the strongest glass.

This frigid high-hattery from Greenwich would mortify us exquisitely if we were one of the little buddies of the stars, and after noting mechanically whether Saturn was in trine or conjunction in the Sixth (or Nut) House, we should carefully mould in wax a small image of the Astronomer-Royal, top hat and all, and, having burned the right herbs at midnight and pronounced the proper incantations, proceed to jab pins in it, each with a horrible curse. This rite is merely on the extreme outer fringes of the Black Art and is very suitable for Press astrologers, being at once simple, long-distance, and non-committal.

But also we should be laying a long furry ear to the ground and noting a distant

rumble of public discontent at the sort of prophecies the starry boys of Fleet Street are dishing out nowadays; poor, timid, thin, skimble-skamble stuff, like watery whey. Some way of recapturing public sympathy may be necessary before long.

Reprieve

NO furious yelps and twitters have come, as yet, from Bloomsbury prodnoses denouncing the horrors in Andorra, whose inhabitants have decided to eject foreign Communist trouble-makers and return to their ancestral, patriarchal system of voting by heads of families. Maybe Bedford Square is too stunned by this relapse into commonsense to let out a single squeak.

Despite certain recent signs and portents, such as a smirking Parisian wax-model with a Marcel wave in the window of Andorra La Vieja's only hairdresser, per-rugier, or peluquero, and despite that great vulgar motor road the French built some years ago destroying Andorra's mountainy peace, we always knew this little stronghold of old Europe would get a half-Nelson on Auntie Progress sooner or later and rub the nose of that harridan in the dust.

The Family remains the Andorran social and political unit, as it once was everywhere, and in their ancient fortress-like parliament house the solid, taciturn heads

of families—many of them carelessly shaven, we admit, but of course the Andorrans don't go in much for cricket—will now continue to rule their own lives without the assistance of Marxist mystagogues, Brains Trust pedants, Wellsian and British Association worldplanners, and other whiffling dictators of the New Order.

Fuss

ROLLING a courteous and benevolent, if slightly bloodshot old eye in the direction of those clamour-girls who want to join the Home Guard and fire real rifles (in Surrey fifty of them have already bought dainty uniforms of their very own, which is rather naughty and dead against the law), we thought it not very tactful of a woman to write to the *Daily Mail* pointing out that very few women in her district have volunteered since 1938 for those dull old A.R.P. duties, which require no uniform at all.

The Home Guard reaction down our way to this new girlish demand is just a rustic snarl. The rude fourflushers of the hamlet will not even discuss the subject, and it is our grieved impression that if any women turn up on the stricken field in our zone and insist on joining in the fight, they will regret it. Those Press photographs of Russian amazons at the barricades are responsible for the outcry, probably; but the Fleet Street boys should print a few opinions of Russian troops on the spot instead of reproducing targets with a half-inch group on the bull and saying "There! That's what our British girls can do!" For, as every soldier knows, this has nothing on earth to do with the case.

Safeguards

HOWEVER, anything is liable to happen in Cloud Cuckoo-Land, and down at our nodal point we are personally determined, despite mutinous scowls and murmurs, to brighten up the first-aid post with a little chintz and a few flowers. A cheerful homey atmosphere will make all the difference to amazons dumped there during an engagement.

Recital

ONLY some sixty years after the Symbolists, an American scientist has discovered that the effect on the palate of certain liquors bears a marked resemblance to that of music impinging on the ear.

Des Esseintes went much further in the 1880's and assembled, quite seriously, a liqueur-orchestra. Curaçoa, he found, corresponds exactly in its velvety, slightly sourish tone to the clarinet, Kümmel to the oboe, crème-de-menthe to the flute, kirsch, gin, and liqueur whisky to the brass, and raki and mastic to the drums and cymbals. He then created a string-quartet of old brandy (violin), rum (viola), Vespetro ('cello) and pure, old bitter (bass viol), and discovered further that relations of sound exist equally in the scale of liqueurs, Benedictine, for example, being the minor of the major chord which is green Chartreuse. With this knowledge and with skilful blending he composed a lot of liqueur chamber-music and played it to himself on his palate; a fascinating game, but nothing is said about the hangover.

This kind of research always comes (or came, alas) from France. Rimbaud's discovery that every vowel has a distinct colour once seemed to us so vital that we mentioned it to a big red business man who merely asked sneeringly where it got you. The vermilion lout was right. It gets you nowhere, like all poetry.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"It's not much good your always being on the spot, Higgins, if you can't learn to tilt your camera higher"

Old Bill : By Bruce Bairnsfather



“Which way are yer takin’ it, mate? Up through Persia,
or round by Vladivostock?”

A Play About Doctors

"Jupiter Laughs," by A. J. Cronin,
at the New Theatre



1. Teatime in the doctors' common-room at Hopewell Towers, a private nerve clinic, brings together Dr. Venner (James Mason), Dr. Drewett (Raymond Lovell), the Matron, Miss Leeming (Beatrice Varley), Dr. Mary Murray (Peggy Bryan), and Dr. Thorogood (Norman Pitt). Venner, a brilliant but cynical young doctor and an atheist, makes fun of his fiancée, Mary Murray's project of becoming a medical missionary in China



2. The discarded love of Paul Venner is Mrs. Bragg (Rosemary Scott), the wife of the Superintendent of the clinic, whom he is persuaded to meet once more at the usual place, behind the chapel. They are overheard by the Matron, who wants for herself the room which has been set aside for Venner to pursue his research work on an important medical discovery. The Matron sees her opportunity and decides to make trouble for the young doctor



5. Out at last! Dr. Venner and Dr. Thorogood watch Dr. Drewett bring to a successful conclusion—for the first time in twenty years—his favourite game of Patience. Dr. Drewett is worried; he has been warned that should this ever happen he may expect bad luck

Jupiter Laughs, Dr. A. J. Cronin's first play, was due for London production, after a provincial tour, in May 1940. But the war situation caused its postponement, and its next appearance was a not very successful one on Broadway in the autumn, with Jessica Tandy as Dr. Murray. Now it is at the New Theatre, produced by James Mason, who acts excellently in the leading rôle. (Mr. Farjeon reviewed it in last week's issue.) Other news about Cronin is that the film of his first novel, *Hatter's Castle*, with Robert Newton as the tyrannical Brodie, goes to the Plaza on Friday (November 14th). Also that his new book, *The Keys of the Kingdom* (by some called a masterpiece), is not, so Cronin has decided, to be published at present in Britain; it is having a record-breaking success in America, and is to be filmed in Hollywood next year. Finally, that Cronin, in the Navy in the last war, and then a ship's surgeon, a medical inspector of mines, and a London doctor, now lives in America with his wife and three sons

Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick



6. The Matron suggests to Mrs. Bragg, who is quite ready to get her own back on her faithless lover, a way to go to his room and destroy his papers, amongst which are those to do with his discovery. She takes the key from the Matron and sets the papers on fire, but is seen by Mary Murray, who, while trying to put out the flames, is killed by an explosion



3. The new love in Venner's life is the charming young Dr. Mary Murray, to whom he has become engaged. Mary tries to persuade him to go with her to China as a medical missionary, but he refuses. Venner performs a post-mortem without permission on one of his patients who died at the clinic, while at the same time perfecting his discovery, but incurs the wrath of the Superintendent. The Matron hopes now, owing to Venner's disgrace, to obtain the room she so much covets



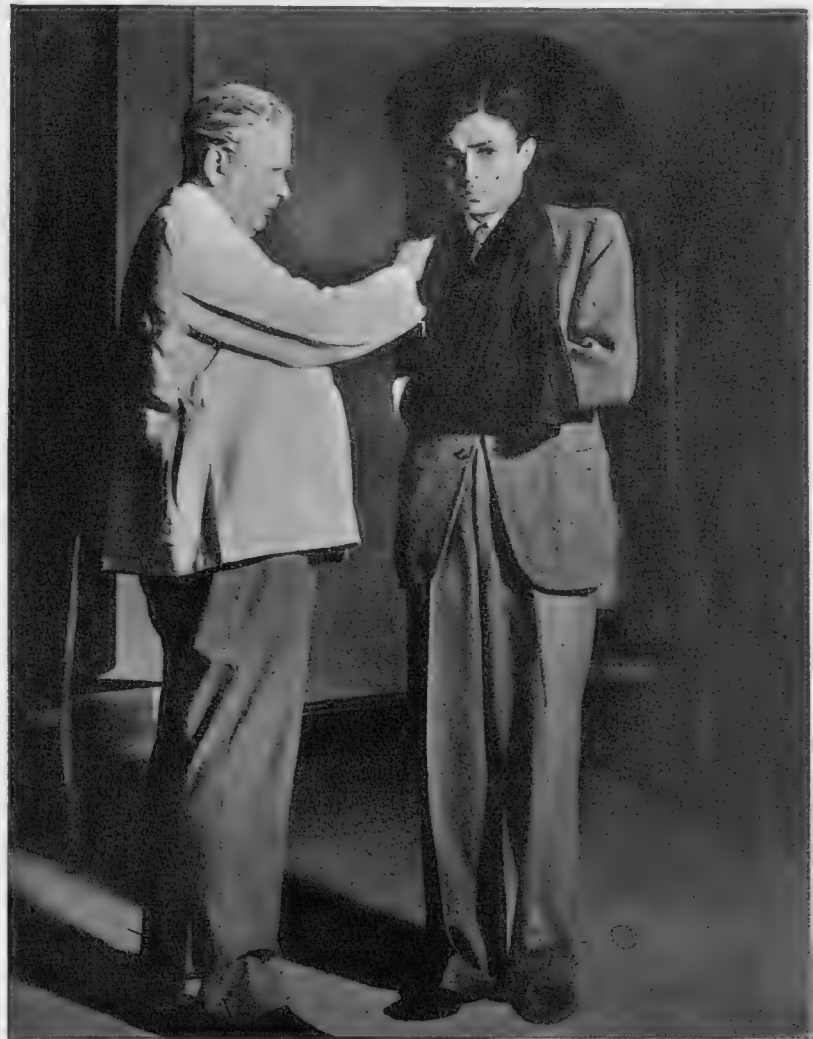
4. Investigations into the death of the patient are the cause of a bitter scene between Dr. Bragg, the Superintendent of the clinic, and Paul Venner, who refuses to give up the key of his room. He knows that now he has completed his thesis, and that when it is seen by the experts, his reputation will be established as a medical genius



7. What killed the patient, and whether his death was due to Dr. Venner's treatment of him, is the question being discussed in the common-room. The Matron, Dr. Drewett, Dr. Bragg, Mrs. Bragg, and the football enthusiast, Dr. Thorogood, hold an enquiry, while Venner is told that his services are no longer required



8. The precious document, Venner's thesis, having after all reached the "British Medical Journal," and been published, Venner's reputation is made. Albert Chivers (Lynn Evans), representative of a famous drug house, offers him the post of chief research physician, while Dr. Bragg begs him to stay on at the clinic. Venner refuses both and decides to go to China after all



9. A fond farewell is given by Dr. Drewett to Paul Venner before he leaves. Drewett confesses that he has always thought of the young doctor as a son, and that he will be sorry to see him go. But Venner has now decided to go to China as the girl who died for him would have wished

"The Little Summer of St. Luke"

The Camera in the Garden



The Hon. Mrs. Richard Hamilton-Russell and Brian

Tylney Hall, near Basingstoke, the home of Lord and Lady Rotherwick, was the scene of these outdoor photographs, taken during a recent spell of fine weather. The Hon. Mrs. Richard Hamilton-Russell is the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Rotherwick, and married Lord Boyne's second son in 1939, and her son Brian was born in 1940. Captain Hamilton-Russell is in the 17th/21st Lancers. The Rotherwicks' younger daughter, the Hon. Molly Cayzer, is busy doing war work at present. Lord Rotherwick, who as Sir Herbert Cayzer was M.P. for Portsmouth from 1918 to 1922, has also a place in Scotland—Lanfine, Ayrshire



*Lord and Lady Rotherwick with Their Daughter
Mrs. Hamilton-Russell, and Their Gr*

Photographs by Cor

The Hon. Molly Cayzer Amongst the





Hon. Molly Cayzer and the Hon.
Brian P. Milton-Russell

lier

Crocuses at Tylney Hall



Lady Rosemary Nutting and Her Daughter

Lady Rosemary Nutting is the elder daughter of the late Earl of St. Germans and Lady Blanche Douglas, and is a niece of the Duke of Beaufort. She married in 1939 the elder son of Sir Harold Nutting, Bt., of Quenby Hall, Leicestershire. Her husband is in the Royal Horse Guards, and their daughter, Davina Rosemary Enid, was born last year. Lady Rosemary is working as a nurse in the country. Her husband's younger brother, Mr. Harold Anthony Nutting, of the Foreign Office, married in August Miss Gillian & Leonora Strutt

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

The Old and the New

OF all countries, China is probably the most fascinating to the imagination. For many of us, she epitomises civilisation—few living civilisations date back so far, few have sought and adapted modern ideas with so little loss of original character. It would seem that all that China has cared to learn from the West has only gone to make her more essentially Chinese: progress (as we in the West think of progress) has at once intensified China's personality and served to bring more of its aspects into light. It is true that, outside her few modern cities, the vast land has changed, outwardly, very little; also, that even inside the cities change is more superficial than it appears. In terms of ideas, China has probably suggested more to the West than the West has suggested to her—her art, her politeness, her inscrutability, her fatalism all affect us when we come in contact with them.

Miss Joy Homer, one more of these dauntless and debonair young Americans, had always been drawn strongly by the Chinese idea. Arriving in war-stricken China, she had that confused feeling one has when one is realising a long dream. She proposed not only to visit the country but to penetrate (under the fantastic and dangerous conditions of wartime) to its very heart. And this, in her capacity of reporter for the United American relief boards, she did intrepidly do. The result—or one result, for she accomplished many

things—has been her fine book, *Dawn Watch in China* (Collins; 12s. 6d.). Not only courage but perceptive imagination, a quick eye and a remarkably good brain entitle her to write with authority. She also, be it said, writes very well. Beauty and terror alternate in her pages. She can make one see: she gives such vivid word-pictures of people, of incidents and of places—that real illustrations would be superfluous. The book has, inside its covers, a map to which I, for one, was often glad to refer, for Miss Homer not only covered great distances but quite often doubled upon her tracks.

Forgotten War?

EXCEPT as an outlying part of the sinister Axis plan, we in England may have tended, since late 1939, to forget the war in China. Too much is happening everywhere: one's imagination—perhaps mercifully—cannot take in everything. But China, as her struggle prolongs itself, needs our sympathy as much as ever she did—and in return she can offer us inspiration, for the spirit she shows could not be more inspiring. It is with the spirit of the Chinese at war that Miss Homer chiefly concerns herself. The country for centuries so pacific, so dedicated to all the arts of peace, so much against violence that it disliked its own soldiers, identifying these with banditti, is now integrated, civilian and soldier, rich and poor alike, into resistance against aggressive Japan. The passive has given place to the active. Fatalism has changed



Elliott & Fry

A Novelist in Uniform

Cosmo Hamilton, the well-known novelist and dramatist, has been, since the outbreak of war, Chief of the Press Mail Section of the Censorship. He has also found time to finish a new novel, *The Aunt of England*, described as the "creation of an historical character," which he laid aside in 1939. It is to be published this month

to purposeful courage—though courage with, always, the inherent Chinese stoicism behind.

In fact, there is change in China—a deep inner change. Miss Homer sees this as a dawn, a growth, a rebirth. To face the atrocities of a modern war, the superb old tradition might not have been enough. So, to meet the threat to China's soul and her life, young inspiration has taken on from tradition. Young China, conscious of her powers as she is conscious of her predicament, has effected reorganisation on a vast scale. China's self-adaptation to the demands of war has shown a quickness, thoroughness, realism that we slow-movers in Europe might well admire—and learn from. The refugee problem, for instance, a problem on, in China, how vast a scale!—has been dealt with in a most profitable way: no man-power, or woman-power, goes to waste. Co-operative industrial societies, all through the country, keep the war-threatened people busy, cheerful and fed. Universities, some of them forced to trek into safer zones, adapt their curricula to meet immediate needs. Society—largely in the celebration and enjoyment of feasts (Miss Homer reports Chinese food, from the feast to the inn; delicious)—continues to turn to danger an imperturbable front. Economically and psychologically, the country keeps a firm grip on itself. The result is a faith, throughout China, of which Miss Homer is sometimes almost afraid—it sometimes approaches complacency. All the same, she honours and loves its sublime side.

Reactions

MISS HOMER is adept at describing cities and towns—above rivers, on rocks, with their exquisite crabbed queerness and antique bloom. Defenceless, these are prey to the Japanese bomber—and, almost worse, the incendiary-started fires that roar, after raids, through inflammable areas. She describes with particular feeling the tenseness and gaiety of Chungking, awaiting, through awfully sunny days, the drone in the skies that must spell obliteration for it. Chungking, on its rock between two powerful rivers, can only be a death-trap—and a death-trap it proves.

Miss Homer's own adventures—hemmed in by fire, in uncertain aeroplanes, driving

(Concluded on page 238)



The Queen Strokes Filou, Pet of a Free French Sailor

The Queen recently visited a convalescent home for the Free French Forces, run by the British Red Cross Society under the auspices of the "French in Great Britain Fund." Her Majesty was received by General de Gaulle, Vice-Admiral Muselier, Lady Crewe, chairman of the fund, and Mrs. E. F. Lawson, county president of the Red Cross, and members of the committee. She talked in French to nearly all the patients, and met a party of sailors recently escaped from Brittany, and many survivors of the Battle of the Atlantic and of Dunkirk.



Hero's Wife — Mrs. Douglas Bader

Mrs. Bader, daughter of Colonel F. Edwards, C.M.G., married Douglas Bader in 1937, four years after he had lost both legs in an air pageant rehearsal. He was then on the retired list of the R.A.F., but had already proved in civil aviation that he could still fly, and had begun to play tennis and golf, and to dance again. When war began, Bader's persistence won him a flying test for the R.A.F., and he was allowed to return to the service. Now he is a Wing-Commander with a D.S.O. and Bar and a D.F.C. and Bar, and with some twenty German planes to his credit. Early in August he was reported missing, but a few days later news came that he was safe and a prisoner of war. New artificial legs have since been dropped for Bader by the R.A.F., one of his legs having been damaged when he baled out of his burning plane over France. He has also made one attempt to escape, but was quickly recaptured. Throughout the anxious months of war, as during all the four eventful years of her married life, Mrs. Bader, young and lovely to look at, has never lost her calm and cheerfulness nor failed to help and fortify her husband by her own strength and courage. This portrait of her was made by Olive Snell, whose work has been well known to *Tatler* readers for many years.

With Silent Friends

(Continued)

a detestable truck called Eva, on recalcitrant ponies on lips of precipices, and being bombed with a thoroughness unknown even to London-dwellers make one's blood run cold. She goes down for four weeks with fever; she is stone-blind (hurt in a fire) for five days. In the intervals she feasts, dances and plays tennis on the most impeccable hard courts. Doing all this, she falls in with the young Chinese spirit she likes so well. There is much more in her book than I can summarise here. *Dawn Watch in China* is heroic and moving—and sometimes delightfully funny, too.

Why Women Worry

As Mrs. Blanco White sat in a teashop, waiting for a friend who was not in time, she took a long look at the women round her and wondered what was the matter with them. One and all they looked tense, uneasy, bedraggled and, in some way or other, as though they had missed or were going to miss the bus. Diagnosing their trouble as anxiety, Mrs. White decided to write the book that has now appeared—*Worry in Women* (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.). What she says is stimulating and interesting.

Temperamentally, I do agree with her that women are greater worriers than men. They worry for reasons that seem fantastic; they worry for reasons so near the bone that they sometimes invent some other reasons for worry. What one might call the habit of worrying is often set up by causes we do not know: some of them are embarrassing, and have been dealt with chiefly by Freud. Freud's writing, to the at all conventional reader, seems not only embarrassing but far-fetched, and a certain amount of approach, even, is needed to Dr. Ernest Jones and Mrs. Melanie Klein. Mrs. White has, therefore, done useful work in translating some of these authorities' ideas into agreeable, homely and very concrete terms. Still better, she gives us the benefit of her own common-sense, observation, tact and experience.

One reason, Mrs. White thinks, why so many women worry is that their so-called modern advantages create situations with which they cannot cope—or can only cope with an awful feeling of strain. They are now free, for instance, to make their own ways in the world—but how many of them do really want to do this? In their marriages, in their love-affairs, in the bringing-up of their children they are constantly being called upon to show character. A great deal that used to be done automatically now has to be done by intelligence. Another thing Mrs. White says is, that quite a large number of women are tied up in knots inside by sense of guilt or sense of inferiority. They feel they fail to live up to their own ideals. They have been brought up to think that little girls ought to be *nicer* than little boys, and, at the same time, that they are inferior.

The Fair Sex

In fact, it is bad to belong to the Fair Sex, and not feel convinced that you are really so fair. Englishwomen, Mrs. White points out, are quite often rather apologetic about being women at all. (French or American women make a far better thing of their sex—I mean, in a highly respectable way.) On the whole, what gets women down is a sense of incompetence: the things that they can do well they are inclined to

despise. Then, again, they are quite often the prey of more or less unadmitted hostilities—they dislike many things and people they feel that they ought to like. Mrs. White suggests all sorts of outlets for this hostility—from rational frankness to needlework—you get very much more outlet than you might imagine by jabbing a needle in and out of stuff. (Perhaps this was the reason why Victorian women embroidered with such fury and constancy.) Mrs. White recommends creative work of any kind as an escape from the fogs of futile anxiety. So many things that women spend their days doing could be creative, if seen in the right way.

Having traced (much more thoroughly than I can show here) some fundamental causes of women's worry, Mrs. White passes on to show how these need not be repeated in the next generation. A heredity of worry must be the last thing any mother could wish to pass on. The book gives some extremely helpful and un-cranky suggestions as to how to deter one's children from forming the worry habit. There are also some practical words to men. In fact, men might quite usefully read this book: it will not only give them a line on women but help to remove that feeling of vague oppression that untraced worry sets up in either sex.

Venetian Air

FOR how long shall we have to ostracise Italy? Mrs. Margaret Cardew's *A House in Venice* (Faber & Faber; 7s. 6d.) sets up a great nostalgia for happy days. This is a short novel, sophisticated in its simplicity, full of sunshine, *piazze* and palaces. Alice Ogilvie, as a widow, returns to the Venice she has loved as a girl but against which her husband, during their years of marriage, has shown some

mysterious prejudice. Alice, a gentle creature, is now free, only too free, to dispose of her own life, and she finds herself subtly drawn to Venice, as though the place held the answer to some question in her. Why not live here for ever?

Prospecting the canals, she falls in love with a delicious raspberry-coloured house—alas, not for sale. As she stands gazing, a shutter opens; a face looks out: she is moved profoundly, for this is the face of her husband, twenty years younger. The dark-eyed young man, his glittering harsh American mother and the raspberry-coloured house itself soon play a dramatic part in Alice's life—or rather, she plays a part in theirs. Round the three, in their curious situation, are collected a number of figures—expensive good-timers, professional sillies and pension bores. The plot develops itself under Mrs. Cardew's light and apparently quite experienced touch: it is hard to believe that this is a first novel. The characters are convincing; the conversations have natural, off-hand grace. *A House in Venice* is a pleasure to read.

Thriller

"CHASE ACROSS EUROPE," by Roger Helburne, is a hundred per cent. exciting—never a pause. Pretty Viennese Nora dodges the Nazis with an envelope consigned to her by her scientist father who died on Vienna's most tragic day. She is befriended by the cryptic Hans Keller, threatened by Dirksen, the Nazi crook. Prague, Berlin, Oslo, Narvik are high spots in her dangerous itinerary. High-speed cars, kidnapped trains, aeroplanes and a British destroyer figure. Nora's packet contains a terrible formula, and a mad professor tries to blow up the world. Full value for those who liked to be thrilled.

Caravan Canserie

By Richard King

IN these tragic days one is thinking, thinking, thinking all the time. Or trying desperately not to think. Drugging one's mind with work, or with memories, or merely with the game of "Let's Pretend." And, in our spare time, with music—the loveliest music—with old favourites among books; with quiet beauty wherever we may discover it; with friends—the kind of friends with whom we can be entirely ourselves, or as nearly ourselves as we can ever be when not absolutely alone; with hard work; with silence, and—if you be that way inclined—with thoughts of God. Realism, facing up to fact at every moment of the wakeful day—that way heart-break lies. And what is the good of breaking one's heart when one can't do anything about it? Destiny cannot rob you of happy memories, and Fate, whatever it may be, can be ignored occasionally if only you can envelop your mind in those aspects of life's loveliness which, though of this world, are so beautiful as to appear not to belong to it at all. At least, not as most of us experience it nine-tenths of the twisting, rugged road along which we have to wander—blindly, for the greater part; only perceiving occasionally the least sense behind the casual design.

Around my caravan the autumn tints are now in their full glory. How glorious they are. Richer, more varied, more glowing, even, than the tints of spring. I wish I did not know what inevitably must follow. In this country, the winter is so long. Too long. Like the prolonged visit of some grim relative, who overstays his welcome and whose

companionship, although spiritually bracing, never inclines one to laugh. As, indeed, some people take their religion and so unconsciously add to life's forlornness, just when it should mean to us and to them a greater joy, a lovelier, happier kind of hope. Nevertheless, just as when I miss the news I feel somewhat relieved, so I refuse to think about the long, cold, dreary winter, while I watch the golden glory of the woods, the purple greyness of the hills.

This intense living of the happy moment—happy in the way that a grim German philosopher described happiness as being absence from pain—belongs, I suppose, to the quiet philosophy of those who are growing old. The young are always living in some glorious to-morrow; not knowing that most to-morrows are complete frauds. All that matters to any of us is *to-day*—at the present time more than ever before. So I will not listen to that radio voice which makes the loss of a battleship or a minor victory sound like someone, straight from the 'Varsity, perfectly enunciating a washing-list; but will sit on the step of my caravan and watch the red squirrel jumping gaily from branch to branch among the burnished leaves; wondering if the so-friendly robin which has adopted my abode will eat out of my hand this morning, or completely ignore me. In a little while the day's tasks will begin. Yet for twenty minutes I shall try to pretend that they do not exist. Twenty minutes of a fool's paradise, you may say? But then, is anyone quite a fool who seizes for a little while on paradise?

Country Roundabout



Johnson, Oxford

A Canadian Officer and His Bride

Lieutenant and Mrs. Edwart Nesbitt Heighington were married last month from the Berkshire home of Lord and Lady George Wellesley, Buckland, Farringdon. Mrs. Heighington wore the wedding dress made by Worth that Lady George Wellesley used at her own wedding in 1908, and Miss Mary Wellesley and Miss Barbara Cottam were bridesmaids. Lieutenant Heighington is in the 48th Canadian Highlanders, and both he and his wife belong to well known Canadian families



The Patients and Staff of a Red Cross Convalescent Home

Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. W. W. Herring-Cooper have given their place in the West Country to the Red Cross and St. John as a convalescent home for the Forces. Mrs. Herring-Cooper is the Commandant, and her daughter by her first marriage, Miss Joan Weldon, is working as assistant cook. In front are, a patient, Miss Newcombe, Miss Thomas, Miss Dunlop, Miss Kington, Sister Phillips (matron), Mrs. Herring-Cooper (Commandant), Mrs. Shand (quartermaster), Mrs. Cooke (head cook), Mrs. Deverell, Miss Deverell, Miss Bains, and a patient. Miss Weldon is standing behind the matron's chair



An Engagement

Mr. Charles H. Stainforth, Indian Army, is engaged to Miss Elizabeth Easdale, the only daughter of Mrs. E. Y. Easdale, of 5, Addison Road, W. Mr. Stainforth is the younger son of the late Lieut.-Col. H. G. Stainforth, C.M.G., and of Lady Knight, of Pamber Place, Basingstoke. They announced their engagement in September

A Christening in Gloucestershire

John Archibald Digby Murray, the son of Major and Mrs. A. J. Murray, of Laxmuir, Perthshire, was christened at Bibury Church, Gloucestershire. Below: Mrs. Hugh Hobhouse, the godmother, Major and Mrs. Murray and the baby, and Mr. Michael Vyryan, godfather. Major Murray and Mr. Vyryan are in the Black Watch

Dennis Moss



Clapperton, Selkirk

A Christening at Selkirk

Robert Sim, Mr. and Mrs. William Dunlop's son, recently christened, is a grandson of the late Mr. Dunlop and Mrs. Dunlop, of Whitmuirhall, Selkirk, and of the late Mr. Muir and Mrs. Muir, of Etrick Shaws, Selkirk. Above are Mrs. Will Ogilvie, holding her godson, Mr. and Mrs. Dunlop and Walter Dunlop



Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Russian Cold

WHILST most of us know something about German measles and Spanish 'flu, not so many of us know about Russian cold. Is it bad enough to make oil go all gummy in the breech mechanism of a weapon, or is it nice, well-behaved cold like the Canadian, which makes people feel ten times themselves? The question of oil is somewhat pertinent, for in this war it is everything, or pretty nearly so, and if the Russian front is cold enough to make it go as it did in Tibet in 1904, it is possible that it may curtail winter operations very considerably.

Luckily, I escaped the Tibetan winter of 1903, when, even at a place like Gyantse, which is quite low compared to the Great Plateau, it was "mortal" cold and they said they had some bother with the oil in the locks of the rifles. I can well understand what it was, for even in the summer and the autumn it was not exactly a picnic. You were glad to sleep in a flea-bag with all your clothes on, plus a pair of Gilgit boots; shaving was almost impossible, for the cold, the sun and the blast which came howling down the gorges, turned your face into a good imitation of a ploughed field. So I can imagine in a way, what it may be like campaigning in Russia at the moment.

They say that a tent is a warm spot. A *tent d'abri* certainly is *not*, and even a forty-pounder is no Turkish bath, especially when it comes on to blow. I gather, however,

that the people on the Russian front have not got any tents, and the Huns not even any winter kit. That is the worst of believing that you are going to win inside ten days. The German Q.M.G. ought to have thought in terms of years.

Colonel of Paget's Horse

WHEN this gallant officer raised them just after the unfortunate adventure at Sedgemoor, in which the master of the Charlton hounds was involved, they called them "Irregulars." Much later on in their career they were dubbed "Labby's Own," by reason of the fact that the then owner and editor of *Truth* devoted so much of his space to wheeling them into line, and now I suggest that their army sobriquet should be Churchill's Horse, since the former 4th Hussar subaltern has been appointed to be their Colonel. Her Majesty the Queen is Colonel-in-Chief of this regiment by right of succession.

Labouchere seemed to have a special down on the cavalry and on this regiment in particular, because, presumably, someone sent him a lurid account of some things called "Subalterns' Court Martials" whose sentences, if at times very severe, were very salutary in that they explained to some people exactly where they got off. The famous editor, however, did not approve, never having been in a cavalry, or any other regiment.

The 3rd (King's Own) and the 4th (Queen's

Own) Hussars are the oldest cavalry regiments of their species in the British Army, for they were raised in 1685 just after Monmouth's Rebellion. Neither regiment is the oldest Hussar unit in the world, for this breed of light cavalry was first started in Hungary, and the sign of their country of origin is still preserved in the pelisse, or dolman, which forms part of their full dress. In the early days in our service all these Hussar regiments were called Light Dragoons, but they were always nearer cavalry than their brethren of the Heavies, who were originally condemned to be something like glorified mounted infantry. In the same way as Hussars were first created in Hungary, Lancers were derived from Poland. This, however, merely by the way.

A Regimental Record?

THE appointment of the Prime Minister to the Colonelcy of the 4th Hussars in succession to another distinguished officer of that regiment, Major-General Sir Reginald Barnes, who was appointed in 1919, is, I should think, not only a regimental record, but an Army record, for both of them were in the polo team together in 1899 when the 4th won the Indian Inter-regimental, stopping the victorious sequence of De Lisle's Durhams, the infantry regiment which, at that time, was giving the cavalry such a bad doing. Mr. Churchill was the number one, Sir Reginald Barnes the back, and they were both then subalterns.

The other two were Mr. A. Savory and Captain Reginald Hoare, names and ranks given as then. I do not know where Mr. Savory is, but I re-encountered Brigadier-General Hoare when out with the Albrighton about mid-way between the two German wars, and he looked just as smart (and as young) as he did in the times of the polo team I have mentioned.

A Slanging Match

IT was in 1899 that there lived a man, who is possibly the only person, other than Hitler, who has had "words" with the P.M. and survived to tell the tale. It was when the 4th Hussars came north from Bangalore for their foray on the Inter-Regimental and Mr. Churchill was, of course, with them. The up-and-down happened in, a thing called a Calcutta paper-chase, really a steeplechase over about four miles of rough country and a made course. A bumping match took place two fences from home and the discussion as to which was the biggest damned tailor in the world was so heated that it nearly set fire to the surrounding jungle. Fortunately, or unfortunately, as the case may be, the other fellow's horse came down, and the bridle coming off, there was no chance of continuing the interesting argument, particularly as all the wind was knocked out of the other fellow and he had a copiously bleeding nose. Of course, that other fellow could not know that he was calling the future Prime Minister that which he did call him—but what a precious moment upon which to look back.

The Last Battle

IT is always the best one to win, and I though this does not apply with such force to the turf as it does to war, it is pleasant to be able to congratulate so great a pillar of racing as Lord Glanely upon having won the Manchester November Handicap. The win still further consolidated Lord Glanely's position at the top of the winning owners' list. It must have been doubly pleasing to the owner to have scored with one of his own breeding, for Crown Colony is the well-named son of Lord Glanely's 1934 Two Thousand winner, Colombo (out of Singapore's sister), who



The Last Meeting of the Season at Phoenix Park, Dublin

Lieut. Kenneth Urquhart, Scots Greys, and Mrs. Urquhart were at the end-of-the-season meeting at Phoenix Park. Mr. Urquhart rode as an amateur before the war, and had many successes at Irish race meetings and point-to-point fixtures. His wife is a daughter of Mr. H. M. Cairnes, of Fox Hall, Raheny, Co. Dublin, and is a grand-niece of the late Field-Marshal Earl Haig



Poole, Dublin

There was some good racing at the winding-up meeting at Phoenix Park, where the principal race, the Nursery Plate, was won by Major Dermot McCalmont's Queen's Eyot. Amongst the spectators were Mr. A. P. Reynolds, owner of Sol Orions, this year's Irish Derby winner, and his recent bride. She was formerly Miss Beatrice Lendrum. Mr. Reynolds is the Irish industrialist and philanthropist



Middlesex Hospital Beats Cambridge University in the Opening Rugger Match of the Season

D. R. Stuart

Middlesex Hospital XV., captained by J. H. Steeds, an ex-Cambridge Blue, beat Cambridge University in their first match this year, by 12 points to 0. Above are (sitting): G. de B. Hinde, E. R. Jordan, F. Cockcroft, J. H. Steeds (captain), W. B. Alexander, B. Hand, M. Robinson; (standing) L. H. Elliott (referee), T. J. R. Harky, M. F. Moses, A. J. Wilmot, J. C. Swanson, E. C. Glover, S. McG. Smart, J. E. Davies, J. W. Todd

Cambridge University XV. opened their season against Middlesex Hospital, but failed to score. In their second match against Bedford, they did better, being beaten by only 4 points. In the picture are (sitting): H. E. Watts, P. B. Greenberg, G. T. Wright, R. P. Sinclair (captain), J. A. Dew, R. K. Ledger, A. D. Thompson; (standing) L. H. Elliott (referee), J. F. Mills, D. C. Driver, N. M. Baldwin, F. G. J. Hayhoe, J. A. Gwilliam, P. Malins, R. F. Preedy, G. G. Thrussel

subsequently ran third in Windsor Lad's Derby, Easton being the divider. Crown Colony completely reversed the Cesarewitch form, for this time Filator finished third, three and a half lengths behind him. Lady Cuncliffe-Owen's colt had a 10-lb. penalty up and bore himself very gallantly, but the cargo obviously put him down below the Plimsoll mark.

Lord Glanely won the Derby in 1919 with Grand Parade, a rank outsider, the Oaks with Rose of England in 1930, the Two Thousand in 1934 with Colombo, as already recorded, and he has won the Leger twice—Singapore 1930 and Chulmleigh in 1937. This year Lord Glanely's good filly, Dancing Time, after winning the One Thousand, disappointed in the Oaks and then ran a good third in the New St. Leger to Sun Castle and Chateau Larose. She, like Crown Colony, is by Colombo. It was generally thought on Leger day that if the race had been over the real distance, i.e., another 132 yards, she must have won.

The Garrulous

LET us hope that all those with too great a "persuasion of words to the mouth" will have listened very attentively to that good radio play *The News Leaked Out*, which dealt with the great danger of careless talk and showed how a stupid person, one of those who must talk for talking's sake, may unwittingly hand on valuable information to the enemy. This play also demonstrated the fact that in war no enemy alien, however vehement his protestations, should be at large. The spy, naturally, will be loudest in his assertions of his sympathy with the cause for which we are fighting.

Here is an actual record of the stupidity of the garrulous. This silly person told me that he had seen with his own eyes a long convoy of lorries laden with certain things, whose very existence would signify to the enemy that an operation of a particular nature was in more or less immediate contemplation. Even though I did not personally believe that any material of this description would be transported so that any member of the public could see what it was, this inane babbler had no right whatever to say that which he did. The damage had, of course, been done by the time he imparted his startling facts to me, and they would, no doubt, have been disseminated far and wide by the gossips who were just as careless as the original narrator. Even if the disseminator was mistaken, and actually saw nothing of the description which he described, the mere suggestion would put the enemy on notice.



Finish of the Flat: Some Personalities at Headquarters, by "The Tout"

The flat-racing season ended at Newmarket last week. Here are some of its familiars seen by "The Tout." Miss K. Farrar, patroness of Captain Ossie Bell's stable, owns Comatas, the useful grey sprinter, who used to be known as the Dapple colt. Captain David Nicoll is a keen racegoer who owns and breeds a few horses. Ernest Bellaney, the famous Irish bloodstock breeder, is equally well known in sale-paddocks and on racecourses here as on his native soil. Lieut.-Col. MacIntyre, a leading light at pre-war military meetings, is now O.C. a crack unit. A. E. Allnatt's colours, carried for the first time this season, have met with great success, thanks to some extremely useful two-year-olds he bought from the Aga Khan, and the skill of his trainer, Joe Lawson, at Manton. Eric Simonds, Reading business man, is a familiar figure on the July Course, and at other meetings. Danny Morgan, brilliant cross-country rider, hopes for more N.H. rides this season, military duties permitting; and J. Kirby, the successful light-weight, is also in battle-dress. Alec Taylor attends all the big fixtures, and is still much interested in the Manton stable, made famous by his father and himself, from which he retired several years ago

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements



Cleghorn — Mainwaring

Major John Rutherford Cleghorn, Royal Fusiliers, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Cleghorn, of Hurstwood Lodge, Tunbridge Wells, Kent, and Joan Kynaston Mainwaring, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mainwaring, of Oteley, Ellesmere, Shropshire, were married at Ellesmere Parish Church



Eastwood — Lambert

Sec.-Lt. Francis Murphy Eastwood, Welsh Guards, son of the late Major W. Eastwood, and Mrs. Cyril Cassels, of Englefield Lodge, Englefield Green, and Patricia Margaret Lambert, daughter of the late St. John Lambert, and Mrs. Harry Hulbert, of Tadley Court, Basingstoke were married at Chobham



Lyell — Hickson

David Lyell, elder son of the late Colonel and Mrs. David Lyell, of Logie, Kirriemuir, Angus, and Jeanne Yvette Hickson, adopted daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. G. S. Hickson, now at Hodsoll Priory, Worksop, Notts., were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Mrs. C. A. Potter

Flt.-Officer Peggy Purnell, M.B.E., W.A.A.F., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. G. Purnell, of Chew Hill House, Chew Magna, Bristol, was married, at West Stafford Church, to Sq.-Ldr. Charles Anthony Potter, R.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Potter, of Lichfield, Staffs.



Dinkel — Keet

Ernest Dinkel, A.R.C.A., A.R.W.S., Principal of the College of Art, Stourbridge, and Emmy Gerarda Mary Keet, A.R.C.A., eldest daughter of the late John Keet, and Mrs. Keet, of Grays, Essex, were married at Worcester. They have both exhibited at the Royal Academy



Isobel Shirley Prankerd Lenare

Isobel Shirley (Jinkie) Prankerd, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Prankerd, of Westbury, Shanklin, I.O.W., now at Glenalmond, Perthshire, is engaged to Richard B. Pope, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold B. Pope, of Penwood, Woking, Surrey



Boxer — Sword

Flt.-Lieut. Alan H. C. Boxer, R.A.F., son of the late Dr. E. A. Boxer, and Mrs. Boxer, of Hawkes Bay, New Zealand, and Assistant Section Officer Pamela Sword, W.A.A.F., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur N. Sword, of Chivel, Chipping Norton, Oxon., and Entre Rios, Argentina, were married at Heythrop Parish Church



Mackeurtan — Platt

A September wedding in South Africa was that of Malise Mackeurtan, elder son of Graham Mackeurtan, K.C., and Mrs. Mackeurtan, of Durban North, and Joan Platt, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Platt, of Isipingo, Natal, and Kloof. She is a sister of the former Doreen Platt, who married Max Niven last year



Wallington — Hamilton-Jones

Lieut. (A.) Roland Vaughan Wallington, R.N.V.R., son of H. J. Wallington, K.C., Recorder of Birmingham, and Mrs. B. M. Wallington, of Oakwood Court, W.14, and Joanne Hamilton-Jones, W.A.A.F., daughter of Col. and Mrs. J. F. H. Hamilton-Jones, of St. Leonard's, were married at the temporary church in Kensington used since Our Lady of Victories was bombed

It's a
British tradition
to offer your guests
Schweppes



Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Un-fan Mail

LEWIS ("ALICE IN WONDERLAND") CARROLL spoke of "un-birthday presents"; in a slightly different and decidedly less twee sense I have received some un-fan mail about my criticisms of R.A.F. rank-titles. One letter is especially unfanly and draught creating.

It comes from a Flight-Lieutenant in the Royal Air Force whose name I have tried unsuccessfully to decipher. He says that my remarks are complete —, utter —, and unmitigated —, all in the first paragraph.

Such direct speaking is a tonic and braces the system, mobilises the glucose, provokes an adrenal response, raises the blood pressure and proves that the Royal Navy is not the only pseudo-silent service. But it does not dispose of my criticisms. I still think, as I thought when I was personally the holder of one of those ranks in the R.A.F., that the titles are inappropriate.

I have written as much to my critic and addressed the letter to a name which may or may not be that which is represented by the signature. If my critic fails to get it and sees these words perhaps he would let me know, for I am anxious to convince him that the word "pilot" has a connotation which suggests aeronautical experience.

It is to aviation what the word "captain" is to seafaring folk. A pilot is a person who is expert in the handling of aircraft in the air. That is the meaning sanctioned and affirmed by usage. Yet here comes the Air Ministry to use that term by which we knew Alcock, Hawker, Kingsford-Smith, Hinkler and Pégoud, the term by which we sought to pay homage to their vast experience and practised skill, here, I say, comes the Air Ministry to use that term for the lowest commissioned rank in the R.A.F.

I know that many Pilot-Officers are men of vast flying experience; but surely on the average the Pilot-Officer is far less experienced in flying than the Flight-Lieutenant and the Squadron-Leader. To a person who—like myself—has seen aviation grow up from the beginning, the term "Pilot-Officer" will always carry an association of superior experience to the term "Flight-Lieutenant." It is really a case of the Air Ministry's imperfect ear for the nuances of the spoken word.

Air Marshal

THEN there is the old one about the highest rank of all in the Royal Air Force, Marshal of the Royal Air Force. It has been put (indeed, I think the point was made when the creation of the rank was first announced) that this rank-title is wrong. The argument runs roughly thus: one can have an Admiral of the Fleet, but not an Admiral of the Royal Navy; one can have a Field Marshal, but not a Marshal of the Army. How is it, then, that one can have a Marshal of the Royal Air Force?

Of course, exactitude and even usage are often overruled in these matters on grounds of expediency. If these Royal Air Force ranks were easier to use, briefer, more descriptive, they could be fully justified.

However, my critic must not think that I have the smallest hope that there will be any change now. It is too late and would involve unnecessary work to attempt any such changes. But perhaps in future, happier times, the opportunity might come. But then I suppose we shall have a sort of affection for the existing titles as we have for so many of our quaint titles.

It was only the other day that I had to remind my readers of the old Parliamentary quip about the Lord Privy Seal. He is given that title, according to the best authority, because he is neither a Lord, nor a privy, nor a seal.

Representation in the U.S.

THAT was a wise and timely move to send a number of distinguished Royal Air Force officers to the United States to be attached to the U.S. Army Air Forces. The officers include Group-Captains J. N. Boothman and H. Broadhurst; Wing-Commanders J. N. H. Whitworth, A. G. Malan, H. I. Edwards and R. R. S. Tuck.

People in the United States want to have with them those who have really done their stuff and not high-ranking non-combatants. Those half-dozen names are a guarantee that the United States will be getting the best and most direct information about the way of the air war from those who really know about it.

I do not suppose that any other six men in this war could put together so distinguished a record of successful work in the face of the enemy.

By the way, the U.S. Army Air Forces are now using rather different designations. (I suppose I must apologise for getting back



D. R. Stuart

An Anglo-Greek Alliance

The wedding of Miss Thelma Jarvis to Pilot-Officer John Photiades took place recently at very short notice. Mrs. Photiades is the Sussex county lawn tennis champion and the ex-champion of Ireland. Her husband is a Greek, and is well known in London banking circles, in connection with the Bank of Athens. He is a fine swimmer and speaks at least two uncommon languages

towards the subject with which I started.) What used to be the U.S. Army Air Corps is now part of the U.S. Army Air Forces, whose supreme head is Major-General Henry H. Arnold, who is Deputy Chief of Staff (Air).

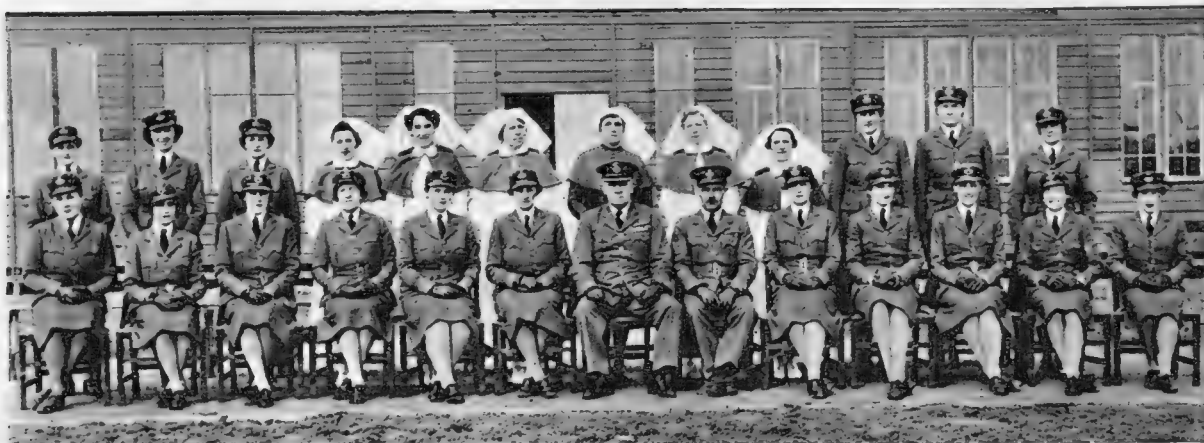
The Air Corps deals with all matters of supply and training and it has a sort of partner in the Combat Command. Major-General George H. Brett is Chief of the Air Corps. Commanding the Combat Command, which is the fighting organisation, is Lieutenant-General Delos C. Emmons. This Command was created in 1935.

General Scanlon

BRIG.-GEN. MARTIN F. SCANLON who is tremendously popular over here as a result of his long term of duty as United States Army Air Attaché in London, is now in the United States as head of A-2 Intelligence Division of the Army Air Forces Air Staff. Gen. R. Royce has taken his place in London and is already extremely popular among all those whose business is aviation.

He is a straight talker who speaks frankly and to the point. He is going to do a great deal to improve the understanding between British and American aviation. There have been—as there always must be in such conditions—some difficulties and problems. People in this country are slow to accept a fresh outlook on aeroplanes or anything else. Yet such fresh outlook is needed if the best is to be got out of the aircraft we are receiving from America.

Lately there has been a greater readiness to see the merits of aircraft not built in this country, and I predict a gradual spread of enthusiastic approval of the United States' machines.



D. R. Stuart

The Officers, Matron, and Staff at an R.A.F. Training Station Hospital

Sitting: S.-O. N. Winterbottom, F.-O. E. V. Butler-Jones, S.-O. C. W. L. Lloyd, S.-O. A. D. Burgess, F.-O. E. A. M. Llewellyn, Sq.-O. O. M. Midwood, Group-Capt. N. P. Dixon (Officer Commanding Station), Wing-Cmdr. A. E. Taylor, Sq.-O. W. E. Wood, S.-O. D. R. J. Burnett, S.-O. P. M. Farquharson, A.-S.-O. G. A. D. Watson, A.-S.-O. J. M. Sowerby. Standing: A.-S.-O. M. L. Fisher, S.-O. C. M. Barrett, A.-S.-O. A. Richards, Sister F. Kennedy, Sister F. Bell, Miss A. F. Acheson (Matron), Sister D. R. Leachman, Sister I. M. Smith, A.-S.-O. C. D. Bentley, A.-S.-O. M. G. McTurk, A.-S.-O. K. B. Eades-Eachus

Don't be vague
ask for
Haig

*No finer Whisky
goes into
any bottle*



Obtainable also in Small Sizes

HAIG

in every **HOME**

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

by M. E. BROOKE



Elizabeth Arden's (25, Old Bond Street, W.) wartime treatments are sensible, many of which may be carried out at home. There is the moulder, which is used in her salons to strengthen the contours of the face and throat, or it may be applied at home. As will be seen from the picture above, it is quite small. All that it is necessary to do is to cover the surface of the pad with a thin layer of cotton-wool which has been steeped in water (of course, Skin Tonic is preferable), then treat with kneading movements. A chart showing the exact lines to follow will be sent on application. These manipulative movements aid the circulation and create firm and youthful contours



Many years before the war Du Barry, 9 and 10, Marble Arch, whose speciality is maternity gowns, had made a study of the art of shopping by post, for it is an art. She has prepared a catalogue with hand-painted sketches and patterns of the materials. It will be sent on application, but clients are asked to return the same in the enclosed postage-paid envelope. One of the outstanding features of the dresses is the patented method of adjustment, the extensions and fastenings being concealed beneath the front panels. Madame Du Barry has designed the model on the right above. It may be carried out in well-nigh any material or colour scheme. The prices are moderate and clearly stated in the catalogue



It is universally admitted that no wardrobe is complete unless it contains at least one black dress. Jays, Regent Street, are making a feature of black suits in the ready-to-wear department on the second floor. It is there that the model on the left may be seen. It is of mousse trimmed with motifs of velvet with buttons to match. The dress has short sleeves with a gored skirt finished with a neat belt. A touch of colour might be introduced by a scarf; the same idea being repeated in the hat. Furthermore, there is a variety of tweed suits for country wear, some with contrasting coats and skirts, the colours being cheerful



A Charming picture frock in white net over satin, the very full frilled skirt is caught up with "true lover's knot" bows of satin; the waist is finely gauged. **20 Gns.**

One of our exclusive designs of delightful character, for young girls aged 16 to 18 years.

(Juvenile Department—Third Floor)

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1

Langham 4444

(Debenhams Ltd.)



Making Uniforms is no wartime innovation for Harrods. We have been tailoring Uniforms for men and women for many years. Uniforms with a tradition for style, and with one standard of quality—Harrods standard—as good a guarantee of perfection as one could wish.

Write for price list of Women's Service Uniforms.

Women's Uniforms and Accessories—First Floor

Harrods

HARRODS LTD

SLOane 1234

LONDON SW1

Bubble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

Two commercial travellers got talking together in the hotel after dinner, and arranged to have a day's golf on a little country course near, as business was rather slack. As it was in the middle of the week, no caddies were available, but they managed to get a farm labourer to carry their bags.

At the end of the afternoon's play, which was more vigorous than skillful, one golfer handed the man a good tip for his services.

The labourer was delighted. As he put the money in his pocket, he asked, beaming all over his face:

"Scuse me, sir, but will you and the other gentleman be digging again to-morrow?"

"You look rather fed up today, old man," said the first man.

"I should think I did," retorted the second. "Why last night I dreamed that I was in a harem and the keeper asked me if I'd like to meet one of his girls. I said 'Yes,' so he was just about to go out and get me one when a brunette passed. But I said I wanted a blonde, so he sent the brunette away and went to get a blonde one for me. Then I woke up and I've been kicking myself all day long for not having taken the brunette."

Two children were about to present their grandmother with a new Bible, when the little ones suggested they ought to write "something nice" inside the cover.

"But what shall we put?" asked the little girl.

The boy thought for a moment.

"I know," he said at last, "what we'll put. I've seen it in lots of Daddy's books."

So they agreed and wrote, much to Granny's surprise: "With the author's compliments."

THE cook was being interviewed for a new post.

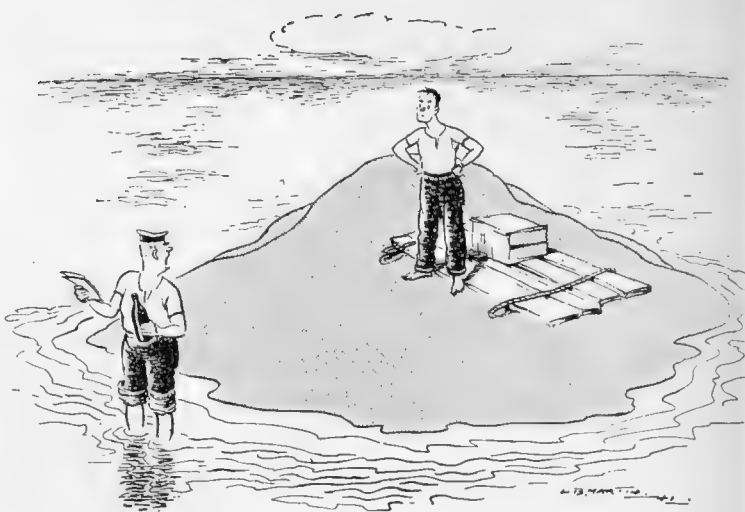
"And how long did you stay at your last situation?" asked the prospective mistress.

"A month, mum," replied the cook. "And 'ow long did your last cook stick it 'ere?"

"ALL right back there?" called the conductor from the front end of the car.

"Hold on! Wait a minute—wait till I get my clothes on!" came a feminine voice. Every man in the bus stood up to see.

A girl got on with a basket of laundry.



"T'ain't a message in th' bottle,
Fred—it's two forms to fill up."

AT the ship's concert, the conjurer was holding the stage.

On a small table in front of him was a parrot in a cage.

"Now then," announced the conjurer, "Watch me closely. I cover the bird with this cloth, so. When I say, 'Hey, presto!' the parrot will disappear."

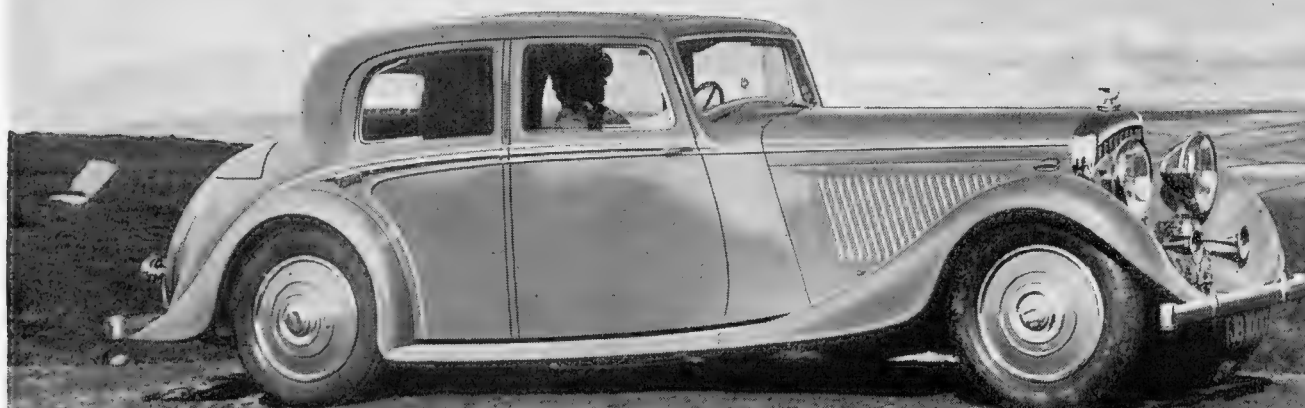
At that identical moment a torpedo struck the ship. Some time later when the rescue ship came along, the parrot was found floating on a spar, his head on one side, saying over and over again:

"What a — silly trick!"

(Concluded on page 252)

BENTLEY

The Silent Sports Car



BENTLEY MOTORS (1931) LTD. CONDUIT ST. LONDON, W.1. MAYFAIR 4412



BY APPOINTMENT TO
H.M. KING GEORGE VI.

BOOTH'S

DRY GIN

Quality
ACHIEVED BY
Maturity

Definitely Superior!



Maximum Prices
17/-
PER BOTTLE
bottle ... 9/-
bottle ... 4/9
Prices apply in U.K. only

THE ONLY GIN THAT HOLDS THE BLUE SEAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT

CLARGES STREET, PICCADILLY, W.1

COCKTAIL BAR

LUNCHEONS



DINNERS

FLEMING'S HOTEL

HALF MOON STREET, PICCADILLY, W.1

A COMFORTABLE AND PEACEFUL HOTEL. DOUBLE AND SINGLE ROOMS WITH PRIVATE BATHROOMS

Phone: GROsvenor 2964

Grams: FLEMingotel, Audley, London

LANSDOWNE RESTAURANT

LANSDOWNE ROW, W.1

DINNER : SUPPER : DANCING

to Tim Clayton and his orchestra

Open for Luncheon

Mayfair 1657

Air Conditioned

Dance
TO THE
HATCHETT'S
RESTAURANT PICCADILLY

★ *Swingtet* ★

featuring STEPHANE GRAPPELLEY

Dancing from
PRIVATE AIR
RAID SHELTER

8.30 p.m. to Morning
TELEPHONE
REGENT 021

MARTINEZ RESTAURANT

Swallow Street, Piccadilly, W.1

Reg. 5066

OPEN FOR LUNCH AND DINNER, Sunday included.
No music. International cuisine—especially Spanish.
In Andalusian Lounge best sherries and cocktails.

JUST OPEN

DANCE OR LISTEN

DANCE AND DINE IN SAFETY IN OUR DEEP VAULTS. OFFICIAL SHELTER.
Ross Cuban Boys band from 7.30 till 11.45 p.m.—Sundays excepted**GREEK RESTAURANT**

"The White Tower"

1 Percy Street, W.1

(late Eiffel Tower)

MUSEum 2187

GREEK FOOD IN ARCADIAN SURROUNDINGS

A CORNER OF GREECE IN LONDON

OPEN FOR LUNCH AND DINNER—EXCEPT SUNDAYS

Round the Restaurants

Lunching, Dining and Dancing

**The May Fair**

IF you're a star-gazer, you'll like the May Fair. Recent visitors include Sally Gray, Jack and Daphne Barker, Mickey Powell (49th Parallel genius), Pat Kirkwood, Jeanne Ravel—but why go on? Besides the restaurant the Viking Bar offers two attractive eating opportunities with its comprehensive 6s. lunch and 6s. 6d. dinner. Dancing downstairs every night to Jack Jackson's band with always pleasing cabaret surprises. John Ridley (now in the Army) has just turned his leave into a busman's holiday by appearing at the May Fair while, without warning, guest artists like Delia

Lipinskaya (from the Windmill) and Norma (Black Velvet) Dawn are apt to add to an already pleasant evening's enjoyment.

The Normandie

AN inviting spot to meet at, eat at, stay at or play at. Pleasant walking distance from Piccadilly—ideal for those on leave. Good shops and handy for all transport. Packed at lunch time and dinner time with only just enough room left for you. Dancing nightly from 8.30 till past midnight (except on Sundays), with the Gregory Quartet and some useful crooning. Founder of the Normandie, M. Majori, still manages to attend to everything and everybody. Saturday nights are more than specially recommended. (P.S.—A tiny additional restaurant has just come into action. Twelve tables only. Quiet—but you can join the dancers when you want to.)

The Lansdowne

AN extremely pleasant and slightly expensive restaurant where dancing to Tim Clayton's orchestra seems to be carried out more as an art than an exercise. As regards eating and drinking, with Fernandez as restaurant manager, Louis as second-in-command and Grassien in the kitchens—well, we needn't worry much about perfection thereabouts. The Lansdowne is one of London's exceptional places where Sunday night is always a special night, with dancing from 8.30 onwards. The restaurant is safely underground, perfectly air-conditioned and there's a very good bar on the way downstairs. It should be noted that luncheons are not served on Saturdays or Sundays.

Meurice

FERRARO has been back at the Meurice for exactly five weeks and it's already filled with princes, peers of the realm, ministers of state and the likes of you and me, for one can still lunch for 8s. 6d. and dinner-dance for 15s. 6d. in a rather perfect and full-sized restaurant. Reginald Pursglove's band plays every evening for dancing, from eight till twelve, Sundays included, remember, and Inga Anderson joined the party on Monday. Victor, well remembered from the American Club, runs a pleasant bar and the hotel side of Meurice carries on happily. It looks as if the grill-room will have to be reopened very soon.

Hatchett's

THAT there will always be an England is manager Gerold's theme song and he goes about things the right way. Atmosphere, food, service and patrons are essentially British and oddly enough this only adds to the day's enjoyment. Dancing goes on from 8.30 until morning to the strains of Hatchett's now famous Swingtet, with pleasing vocal breaks by Billy Campbell. Six and sixpence still buys an extravagant lunch, and dinner can be 10s. 6d. or a la carte. Champagne is 10s. a bottle less than many other places. And lastly, three excellent drinking spots—one being Billie's Bar—London's last stronghold for cads—*For Men Only*.

Martinez

A CORNER of Spain in Swallow Street. A pleasant retreat for an aperitif, a lunch, an evening out, or all three. An Andalusian Bar where still the best sherry in the world is poured from those precious little casks. Dinner and dancing every evening (except Sundays) in the downstairs vaults, with the Ross Cuban Boys playing. Dinner (with no accompaniments) served upstairs for those who come just to enjoy unusual Spanish dishes and perfect Spanish wines—and many do. Altogether, Señor Martinez or manager Negri will guarantee you a happy time.

The New Queens

ONE day the word "New" will be removed from this Leicester Square landmark which is still pleasantly filled for lunches and dinners. The Corner Bar (street level, luxurious but ordinary pub prices), the Cresta Bar (slightly grander) and Charley's Bar down below all make good meeting places. A la carte food in the Brasserie from 4s. to £4, as you prefer it, dancing (Monday to Friday) to Dave Java's band, a sing-song party every Saturday evening and the jolliest crowd of Service people you've ever met. Sundays too, from 7 p.m. to 10 p.m., but just for food and rather more serious music.

Ecu de France

EXCEPT for the fact that this remarkable restaurant demands no entrance fee, introduction or subscription, it is remarkably like a club, both in comfort and "membership." At least 150 wise people walk in daily for one of London's best lunches and 240 diners arrive every evening for the same reason—good food—because there's no dancing or even music. Manager Lebrin (twenty-five years at the Ritz and Carlton) tells how their famous "recipe book" demanded years of compiling. The mayors of 40,000 communes in France were written to and each reply brought in the secrets of the local gourmet's favourite dish. It is little wonder that chef Doumenc can take war-fare and transform it with his magic spoon.

New Clarges

EXCLUSIVE food, service and situation but under-exclusive prices. Easy to get Eat by Half Moon Street or Clarges Street entrance. Under new management of very capable M. Martinez (Hotel Splendide you remember) since July last. No music, dancing or cabaret but peace, perfect peace in times of war. Unusually excellent Victory Bar in hands of Jack Pavitt. Jack was fourteen years at the May Fair—and knows. In the restaurant, Segalla will look after you and surprise you pleasantly with luncheon or dinner. A residential hotel is attached, of course.

The White Tower

A VERY agreeable objective, without dancing or music, for those who desire a complete change in food and drinks. This Percy Street rendezvous (the old Eiffel Tower) has now been more than two years in the hands of M. Stais and, as London's Greek Restaurant, excels in dishes and beverages you have possibly never heard of before. But fear nothing, the extravagantly varied menu is intelligently translated for people like the writer. Open for very reasonable luncheons and dinners every day except Sundays.

D. G.

Normandie Hotel

AND RESTAURANT KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.7
KEN 1400

LUNCHEON · DINNER · DANCING
TO THE GREGORY QUARTET 8.30-12.30

Single Rooms and Bath . . . 12/6
Single Rooms and Private Bath 15/-
Double Rooms . . . from 21/-
Inclusive weekly terms by arrangement

SPECIAL TERMS
TO HIS MAJESTY'S
FORCES AND
THEIR FAMILIES

★ OPEN AS USUAL

THE NEW



FULLY LICENSED FOR
LUNCHEONS AND DINNERS

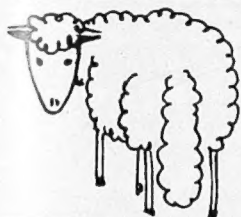
Dancing to Java and his Orchestra

NEXT THE EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE.

111 JERMYN STREET, S.W.



WHITEHALL 2837



"Pretty little Baa-Lamb, have you any Wool?"

No, Sir, No, Sir, I'm so full

Of orders for the Army and all the boys in blue,

I'm very sorry, gentle Sir,

* There's nothing left for you."

PESCO

PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR

* Except some Pesco Pure Wool underwear
if you order early from your usual retailer.

PETER SCOTT & CO. LTD · HAWICK · SCOTLAND

For Women In Uniform...

There is a definable expression
of comfort and smartness in
Burberry tailored equipment
for W.A.A.F. officers. They
indicate a consistency of
craftsmanship, individuality
of exactness, a product of
durability—with complete
healthful freedom of action
in all weathers.



Full Details

Send for full particulars
and prices—and please
mention the Service in
which you are interested.

Telephone: WHItchall 3343
Telegrams:
Burberry, Lesquare, London

Burberry A.T.S. Weatherproofs
Greatcoats and Uniforms. In
best quality materials, skilfully
tailored, they are the embodi-
ment of martial clothes perfec-
tion and weather security in
any climate.

Branches at
ALDERSHOT
BASINGSTOKE
SHRIVENHAM
LLANDRINDOD WELLS

BURBERRYS

LTD.
HAYMARKET
LONDON SW1

A final point in our favour

This A.T.S. officer is not only warm (as well as elegant) in her greatcoat, but she is also rain-proofed. For, like all Moss Bros. khaki cloths, the material is specially proofed against rain. A small point—but coming on top of the many good reasons for buying uniforms for the women's Services at Moss Bros. it has before now provided a final argument. We make A.T.S., W.R.N.S. and W.A.A.F. (and other women's Services) officers' uniforms to measure in the shortest possible time, but all accessories are available in a very wide range ready to wear.

Please write for Women's Price List.

The new A.T.S. "Walking-out" Hat, regulation pattern, can be supplied ready to wear.

Officers . . . 39/6
Other Ranks . . . 10/6
(with badge)

MOSS BROS

& CO.
LTD.

Naval, Military & R.A.F. Outfitters

COVENT GARDEN

Corner of King St. and Bedford St., W.C.2
TEmple Bar 4477 (12 lines)

Also 3-5 Upper Union St., Aldershot; 76 Park St., Bristol; 5 St. Ann's Sq., Manchester; 13 The Hard, Portsmouth; and Camberley, Dorking, Droitwich, Hove, Ilkley, Salisbury, Shoreham, Shrivvenham, York.

WARDONIA BLADES

SMALL PACKET 1/-
LARGE PACKET 2/6

FOR BETTER SHAVES

FIT ALL 3-PEG RAZORS

PLUS PURCHASE TAX

ASK FOR THEM AT N.A.A.F.I. CANTEENS

Bubble and Squeak (Continued from page 248)



THIS story is told by "Peterborough" in the *Daily Telegraph*:

"Look here," remarked the wing commander to one of his younger pilots, "you were well off your course the other night, and now there's something in the paper about fresh craters in the moon. Do you know anything about it?"

"Well, I can't say for certain," replied the pilot. "I know I was surprised to get no flak. Is it possible, do you think, that I was flying upside down and didn't know it?"

FOR three days he had leaned over the fence, watching the A.R.P. demolition squad at work on the ruin.

Bowler hat on the back of his head, an old clay pipe stuck in one corner of his mouth, he just stood and stared without a word. Finally, towards the end of the third day, the foreman's nerves broke under this

silent scrutiny. He went over to the solitary spectator.

"Listen," he said. "Haven't you got anything better to do than watch other people work? Or maybe you've interest in this particular property, eh?"

"Well, in a sort of way, chum," he said. "I used to live 'ere!"

"Lumme!" exclaimed the foreman. Then he turned to his gang. "Pack up, boys," he shouted. "'Ere's the bloke we've been digging for."

TWO young doctors met for the first time since they were at college together.

"I'm specialising in nerve treatment," said one.

"And have you had any success?" asked the other.

"I should say I have," was the reply. "When I had finished with my last case the patient asked me to lend him £10."

A SILLY story from the U.S.:

The strike picket was hopping up and down in front of the shop he was picketing. Instead of walking back and forth like an ordinary picket, this man was leaping all over the sidewalk.

He continued in this manner for minutes at a time, and finally a puzzled cop walked over and tapped him on the shoulder.

"What is all this about?" asked the policeman. "I understand you are picketing this place—but why do you keep hopping up and down like this?"

The striker stopped bouncing for a moment.

"It's because of this store I'm picketing," he explained. "They sell Mixan jumping beans here!"

TWO negroes met at a New Orleans town. One was a big fellow who had travelled as far as Canada; the other a little chap known as Sam.

"Nice place up in Canada?" inquired the latter.

"Finest in the world."

"Any room for me up in Canada?"

"Yes, they like us folks up there."

"How do I get there?"

"Well, you just gets into a boat right here on the Mississippi River, and you rows and rows, and then you're in Canada."

Early next morning Sam got into a boat and rowed and rowed. But the Mississippi current is swift in the opposite direction, and Sam was puny. He rowed from six in the morning to six in the evening, attending strictly to business and concentrating his gaze on the bottom of the boat. By the end of that time he had lost about six feet.

His big friend happened to stroll down to the river bank, saw him still rowing frantically, and called out: "That you, Sam?"

Sam looked up, startled.

"Great snakes!" he exclaimed, "who knows me away up here in Canada?"

RUSSIA—AND WASTE PAPER

Waste paper is urgently needed for munitions: Russia urgently needs munitions.

Have you turned out your hoard of old magazines, books you'll never read, old Christmas cards, price lists, time tables, cardboard boxes?

One ton of waste paper makes 1,500 shell containers, 71,000 dust covers for aero engines.

Turn out every drawer and cupboard. Scrap the lot! Your local council will collect.

Diamond Rings

£70

£61

£53

£79

£44

You are invited to inspect Benson's stock of rings, set with fine diamonds and other gems, at their showrooms. Alternatively, an illustrated catalogue will be sent on request.

J. W. BENSON
LTD.
25 OLDBONDS
LONDON, W.1



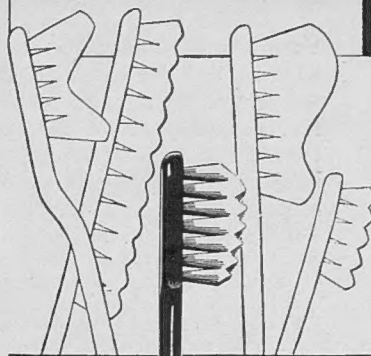
How nice to see someone with a pre-war complexion... healthy, well groomed, glowing. Women find things difficult these days. 'Can't get cosmetics' they say; but after all you can still get a little Pomeroy Skin Food and Pomeroy Cleansing Cream... and it takes very little Pomeroy to keep your skin beautiful.

Advice and treatment still available at Jeannette Pomeroy Salon, 27, Old Bond Street, W.1.

JEANNETTE

Pomeroy
BEAUTY PRODUCTS
The Secret of the Pomeroy Skin

WHAT SHAPE IS A TOOTHBRUSH?



YOU'D think it ought to be the best shape for cleaning teeth, and if you pick the right toothbrush it is. Almost any set of bristles on a handle will clean the open surfaces of your 'show' teeth. The makers of TEK set out to find a brush that would reach the crevices where the sources of decay can hide, and the spots which even your dentist can only see with a mirror. They thought hard, and worked hard. They called in dentists to advise them. When the TEK toothbrush was ready, dentists were asked for their opinion on it. 92 out of every 100 said it was the most efficient toothbrush that had ever been made.

Because of wartime difficulties, fewer TEKs can be made than formerly. We very much regret the inconvenience to retailers and their customers. Even if you should be disappointed occasionally, remember to ask for TEK as supplies may have arrived in the meantime.

Designed
by Dentists
MADE IN
ENGLAND

FITS THE ARCH

Tek 2/-
Plus
Purchase Tax

Made and guaranteed by
JOHNSON & JOHNSON (Gr. Britain) Ltd.
Slough and Gargrave

T2

VICTORIA HOTEL

A.A. R.A.C. FULLY LICENSED
Equipped with every up-to-date convenience. Spacious Public Rooms, self-contained suites, also many Bedrooms with Private Bathroom and Toilet. Vita Glass Sun Lounge, Cocktail Bar

FACING DUE SOUTH AND THE SEA

THE VICTORIA IS CATERING FOR PRESENT-DAY NEEDS

The amenities and Mild Climate of Sidmouth are well known.
FOR BOOKINGS and FULL INFORMATION WRITE RESIDENT MANAGER
Telegrams: "Victoria, Sidmouth."

Telephone: Sidmouth 811 (2 lines)

SIDMOUTH, S. DEVON

JACQMAR'S Patriotic Print Scarves

"DIG FOR VICTORY"
"HAPPY LANDINGS"
"FREE FRANCE"
"LONDON WALL"

JACQMAR, 16 GROSVENOR ST., W.1

TITLED LADIES' GOWNS

COATS, COSTUMES, etc., created by MOLYNEUX, HARTNELL, CHANEL, WORTH, PAQUIN, SCHIAPARELLI, etc., new or worn once only, also direct from all the eminent houses. Our prices 2-12 gns. approx. (1/2 pre-war prices).

REGENT DRESS CO.

1st Floor, Piccadilly Mansions, 17 Shaftesbury Avenue,
Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

(Next door to Cafe Monico).
Gerrard 7326 Gentlemen's Dept., 2nd Floor.

KNOWN FOR 25 YEARS
AS SPETON

GYNOMIN
ANTISEPTIC TABLETS
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
PROMOTED BY GUY-NO-MIN
ENDORSED BY
MEDICAL PROFESSION

British made and British owned exclusively by Coates & Cooper Ltd., Northwood, Middlesex.

Free on request in plain sealed envelope,
Brochure T.15—"Planned Parenthood."

OF ALL LEADING CHEMISTS

IF THERE IS NO SAFER PLACE TH

**CHUBB
SAFES**

IF THERE IS NO SAFER PLACE TH

WANTED FURS & FUR COATS

Highest Prices Paid
SEND TO-DAY

We refund carriage and make offer
per return

CHILD, 32 Hill Street, Birmingham

Est. 45 years Bankers: Lloyds

The
History of
HENNESSY
is the
History of
**GOOD
BRANDY**

★ ★ ★

BREAST SUPPORTER

For small figures only, in white fine material, 19/6

White material, For drooping, heavy figures, from 42/6

Loose Breasts, from 38/6

Pink, Silk or Net, Detachable straps from 52/6 & 58/6

Very low back model, 63/-

Please state Bust and Underbust measurements.

TO PREVENT BREAST FROM DRAGGING, COLLAR-BONES FROM PROTRUDING, MUST WEAR JOUJOU BREASTS SUPPORTER. IT PREVENTS SORENESS, CHAFE AND STOOPIG, GIVES UPLIFT, RELIEVES PAIN, INFLAMMATION, WHICH ARISE FROM NEGLECT.

ALSO DESIGNED FOR MATERNITY AND NURSING MOTHERS. PREVENTS MILK CLOTTING. MUST BE WORN DAY AND NIGHT.

Various prices for one's requirements and taste. FOR AMPUTATION. Prices on application.

Joujou Breast Supporter with Pad.

Personal fitting when calling or send your order.

Free illustrated circular. Orders guaranteed immediately executed by return post. Write or Phone Welbeck 1249

Post free only in U.K. Obtainable only from— Dept. T.423

"JOUJOU" Co., 32, Baker Street, London, W.1



WITHOUT & WITH
NURSE WITH COMFORT

INGENIOUS DESIGN
FOR AMPUTATION

A Letter from a British Prisoner of War

"I HOPE you will excuse the liberty I take in writing to you. You see, I am without parents, sister or brother, and as far as I know have no relatives in England. From the books and games received here from your Fund, I thought perhaps you would not mind me writing to you—it's nice to be able to write to somebody in dear old England and then I would have some hope of receiving a letter or parcel—I haven't had one as yet. Your gifts are much appreciated in this camp and do much to relieve the monotony of prison life."

(STALAG XX A.)

The above is but one of hundreds of letters we receive from our men shut away in German prison camps. To these men, our regular parcels of books, games and extra cigarettes—each parcel individually addressed—bring escape from almost incredible monotony. One Prisoner writes, "You cannot realise what pleasure reading matter of any kind gives to all of us under these conditions. We pray to God that your work may continue." Another writes, "Books in a place like this are a positive heaven on earth." A third writes, "However long our captivity lasts, we shall never forget those at home who have helped to make it endurable."

More than 60,000 British Prisoners of War are facing another winter in captivity. Please help us prove to these men that they are not forgotten. Complete and post the form below NOW, sending what you can.

10/- will send a parcel and cigarettes to a prisoner.

£5 will send regular parcels and cigarettes for a year.

£50 will send regular parcels and cigarettes for a year to 10 prisoners.

IMPORTANT: If it is desired to send parcels to a particular prisoner, please attach details to this form.

To Miss Christine Knowles, O.B.E., Honorary Director, and Lord Aberdare, Chairman.

BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR BOOKS AND GAMES FUND

(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)

Carrington House, Hertford Street, London, W.1
I enclose £ : : to help our men who are Prisoners of War.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

NOTE—Censorship regulations preclude our acceptance of gifts in kind.

VAPEX

The Magic Drop

WILL STOP THAT COLD

USE VAPEX at the first sign of a cold and it will be cleared promptly and safely. Breathing VAPEX removes the stuffiness by penetrating to the source of the infection—the warm recesses of the nose and throat—where it destroys the breeding germs.

If you have let your cold develop, VAPEX will shorten the attack, ease the breathing and clear the bronchial passages.

A drop on your handkerchief

Simply sprinkle a 'magic drop' of VAPEX on your handkerchief and breathe deeply from it frequently during the day. At night put a drop on the end of your pillow. All symptoms of your cold will soon be gone.

From your Chemist 2/3 & 3/4

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

OLD ANGUS

A NOBLE SCOTCH

GENTLE AS A LAMB

A man who appreciates good fellowship will warm to the friendly flavour of an Old Angus—the liqueur whisky with the true Scottish tang.



"Good Luck!"

"Bonne Chance!"

"Szczęść Boże!"



— but they all say

VOTRIX VERMOUTH

Every cocktail is drunk with zest when Votrix Vermouth is one of the ingredients. For Votrix is British... equal to the best imported vermouth... made in the same way—yet it costs quite a lot less. Naturally enough it's in big demand these days and supplies are not unlimited. So don't be put off if you have to ask more than once before you get it.



PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY VINE PRODUCTS LTD • KINGSTON • SURREY

H.L.S. says

"IT" for FIT

SIZES & HALF SIZES
SLIM-MEDIUM
AND BROAD
FITTINGS TO EACH

Wearra

MULTIPLE FITTING
SHOES FOR MEN

Send a postcard for booklet, "Footwear since the World began," also names of local Wearra stockists to
JOHN SHORTLAND LTD.
(Dept. T),
Irthlingborough Northamptonshire